THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

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The summer, like the spring shapes, will be small and medium.

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Scarfs, Windsor Ties, Silk Hose and Corsets.

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Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

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For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

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27-tf

HOUSE TO LET—On Centre street. Light and water. Apply G. H. SPENCER. 20-tf

FOR SALE—Marshall and Smith grand piano in good condition. Apply CHAS. O. BRUTON, John street, Napanee. 21-b

WANTED — Maid for general housework. Must be good cook. Apply to MRS. J. S. HAM, Dundas street. 20-tf

FOR SALE—5 2-year-old heifers, 2 2-year-old steers, 2 milkers and 1 springers. Apply to RANDALL McQUAIG, Selby. 20-bp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Ernestown, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to J. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

MAN WANTED—To take charge of my Percheron horse for the season, commencing May 1st. Practically the same route in Adolphustown as last year. Write Box 248 or Phone 118, Picton. State salary expected and experience. GEORGE E. BOULTER, Picton. 21-ap

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

FOR SALE—Seed Oats, Banner and O.A.C. 72, Government tested, Grade No. 1, Germination test 99%. Also some quality oats not cleaned or as they came from threshing. Samples at the Agricultural office. Apply to MRS. CARRIE SCHELL Bath, Ont., R.R. No. 2. 'Phone 153-r-22. 18-c

A Strong Beverage.

Wassail was the name of a favorite strong beverage of the Anglo-Saxons, who took possession of England, and laid the foundations of the British nation. The Anglo-Saxons made wassail from ale, roasted apples, toast, sugar and spices. This beverage occupied a large place at all the feasts of the Anglo-Saxons.

There are about 7,000,000 dogs in the United States.

Does it pay to feed Dr. Hess' stock or poultry tonic? Buy a pail of stock food and watch results. We guarantee it to pay for itself at least twice over, or money refunded. This applies when fed to cattle, horses or hogs. Full information at Wallace's, Napanee agents.

KEEP 'EM CLEAN—IT PAYS

BY ERWIN GREER

(President Greer College of Automotive and Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

The owner using modern methods may keep his car looking up-to-date all time, not will he have to spend more than a few moments a day to accomplish this end. For instance, there are now on the market a number of liquid and wax polishes which will give admirable results if they are used as directed.

In the use of wax polishes the first step is to clean the body of the car thoroughly. The polish is aplied to the surface with a piece of cheese cloth and then another clean cloth is used to distribute the wax evenly all over the surface. Car owners commonly make the mistake of thinking that the more wax applied the better. As a matter of fact a very thin film is all that is needed. The polish will last from four days to a week, and after it has been applied at the beginning of the week a little rubbing with a clean cloth will bring out the lustre again. The wax polish may be used for the body, fenders, hood and other painted surfaces and it will also be found that if the other side of the fenders is cleaned and given a good coating of wax, less mud will be deposited and what is there may be easily removed.

To keep pace with the improved appearance of the body it is necessary to give some attention to the top and the upholstery. A weekly brushing of the top inside and out will aid materially in it's life. Fabric tops should never be cleaned with gasoline, kerosene or other oils, as they tend to destroy the rubber in the top. Castile soap and water applied with a stiff brush is the best cleansing medium for the top. The upholstery ought really to be cleaned once a month. This means not only wiping the surface of the cushions, but cleaning out the dirt that inevitably accumulates under the piping and in the corners.

After the dust has been removed leather upholstery may be cleaned with a cloth soaked in a weak solution of ammonia and water. Castile soap and water are also used on leather, but gasoline should not be employed, because it tends to cause cracking. The leather should be treated occasionally by giving it a light coating of linseed oil, thinned with turpentine. This solution should be applied with a cloth and be allowed to remain for a few hours after which the surface is very should be wiped. For imitation leather soap and water may be used for removing spots, followed or when oil in small quantities for brightening the finish.

Be sure that all paraphernalia cloths, sponges, chamois, skins, etc., used in cleaning the polished surfaces are clean themselves before using them. Sponges are peculiarly liable to have sand in them, even new ones. They should be washed out in warm water before used.

Auction Sale!

H. W. GALLAGHER

will sell for Mr. Ed. Milling, at

EMPEY HILL

all his farm stock and implements, and a quantity of hay, grain, Red Clover, Alfalfa and Timothy Seed.

Some Household Furniture

Wednesday, April 20 1927

at 1 o'clock p. m.

Usual Terms.

TENDERS FOR COAL

SEALED tenders addressed to the Purchasing Agent, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, will be received at his office until **12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, April 26, 1927,** for the supply of coal for the Dominion Buildings throughout the Province of Ontario including the City of Ottawa.

Forms of tender with specifications and conditions attached can be obtained from G. W. Dawson, Purchasing Agent, Department of Public Works, Ottawa; and R. Winter, 59-61 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with departmental specifications and conditions.

The right to demand from the successful tenderer a deposit, not exceeding 10 per cent. of the amount of the tender, to secure the proper fulfilment of the contract, is reserved.

By Order,

S. E. O'BRIEN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, April 5, 1927.

REBEKAHS VISIT GANANOQUE

Last Thursday evening at six o'clock the degree team and several members of Queen of Sheba Rebekah Lodge, No. 254 left Napanee to visit Harmony Rebekah Lodge at Gananoque. All met in front of Argyll Lodge rooms, where one of the big busses and several cars waited to transport the expectant travellers to Gananoque. Perhaps no time of the day is more delightful for such a trip than when the western sky is illumined with the beautiful rays of the setting sun. Going over Barrie field hill the elevation afforded everyone an unobstructed view of the brilliant hues of the sunset, and everyone sat in silent wonder to witness this glorious spectacle of nature. The remainder of the trip was uneventful and the travellers arrived in Gananoque at 7.30 o'clock, where they were welcomed by the congenial members of Harmony Lodge on their first visit to the handsome and spacious new lodge rooms in Gananoque. After conferring the beautiful Rebekah degree, the rendering of which reflected special credit upon the team and officers, the visitors were led to the banquet hall, where they enjoyed a sumptuous banquet. Everyone then enjoyed the amusement afforded by dancing, music and singing. The team and members left their Rebekah friends with many "good byes" and "come again", feeling they had spent a most enjoyable evening.

Brighten Up.

Use Martin-Senour 100% pure paints, varnishes and lacquers for your spring painting. Glass, oils and lead.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

DESERONTO.

Mrs. Herbert Hall, of Toronto, who with her son, Gordon, has been spending a few days in town visiting friends, have returned home.

The death of Mrs. James Aseltine took place on Friday morning. The deceased, who was over eighty years of age, has been a resident of Deseronto for over thirty years. The funeral took place from her late residence, funeral services being held in the Methodist Hall.

The death of Albert Davy took place on Saturday evening. The deceased, Albert Davy, was ill only three days with pleural-pneumonia. The late Mr. Davy has been a resident of Deseronto for nearly forty years and has been engaged in carpenter work nearly the whole of this time. The funeral took place from his late residence on Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O'Neill, of Toronto, were over the Easter as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Maloney.

Miss Helena Naphin, of Kingston, spent Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Naphin.

Mr. John Roach, of Toronto, spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roach.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Burnham and family spent Easter visiting relatives at Brockville.

Miss Thomas Hetherington, of Tamworth, spent Easter the guest of his mother.

Miss Sadie Maloney, of Toronto, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Maloney, over the Easter holidays.

Messrs. Edmund St. Louis, Maurice Palmer and Francis Shatraw, of Leaside, spent the Easter holidays in town.

Mr. Frank O'Neill, of Yarker, spent Easter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gaulin and Mr. William Gaulin, of Point Anne, spent Easter the guests of Mrs. Elizabeth Gaulin.

Mr. James Naphin, who is employed at the Gibbard Furniture factory, Napanee, has been promoted and is taking his first business trip this week. Mr. Naphin's territory will be the province of Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allore are spending a few days in Belleville the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Joseph Papineau.

Mr. William Hatch, of Toronto, is spending a few days in town the guest of his grandfather, Mr. William Hatch.

Mrs. James Naphin and daughter were callers in Belleville on Saturday.

Miss Ursula Brennen, who is attending school in Kingston, is spending her holidays in town with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Brennan.

ODESSA.

The Sillsville Dramatic Club staged a very fine play entitled "The Way of a Maid," in the Town Hall Tuesday night on behalf of the Odessa Brass Band. The attendance was large and much credit was given to the talented artists. After the concert a dance was held.

Joseph McConnell is ill, suffering from a stroke.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dawson have returned from a delightful motor trip. They visited friends in Hamilton, Toronto, Niagara Falls and St. Catharines. Their son, Reginald, has a position at Richmond Hill, near Toronto.

A baby girl arrived a few days ago to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Swift.

Mrs. Albert McConnell is in Kingston General Hospital for treatment.

Earl Babcock is improving his home by the addition of a new kitchen.

Chimneys, mantles and all supplies for Aladdin lamps, at Wallace's, Napanee Agents.

ANNUAL MEETING OF SELBY W. M. S.

The annual meeting for election of officers of the W.M.S. of Selby United Church was held on Thursday, March 17th. A goodly number of members were in attendance and the program was in charge of Mrs. Fred Weese, while the President, Mrs. Melville Windover, had charge of the business. The following officers were elected for 1927:

President—Mrs. Fred Weese.
1st Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Melville Windover.
2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Joe Tate.
Rec.-Sec'y—Mrs. W. J. Ramsay.
Cor. Sec'y—Mrs. Albert Sexsmith.
Strangers' Sec'y—Mrs. C. Vanalstine.
Sec'y Christian Stewardship—Mrs. Bert Pringle.
Missionary Monthly Sec'y—Mrs. F. Amey.
Treasurer—Mrs. Frank Denison.
Supt. Mite Boxes—Mrs. A. McLeod.
Supt. Mission Band—Mrs. Tummon.
Press Reporter—Mrs. J. C. Hall.
Watch Tower—China, Mrs. Joe Tate; Japan, Mrs. W. Dodge; Africa, Mrs. Harvey Simmons; Korea, Mrs. Eph. Robinson; Mrs. Korea, Mrs. W. J. Winter; India, Mrs. Chas Vanalstine; Indians, Mrs. Bert Martin; Foreigners in Canada, Mrs. J. Dudgeon; Temperance Work, Mrs. Ben Denison.
Programme Committee—Chairman, Mrs. Melville Windover; June, Mrs. W. J. Winter; July, Mrs. A. McLeod; August, Mrs. A. C. Tummon; September, Mrs. Bert Martin; October, Mrs. J. E. Hudgins; November, Mrs. Luman McCutcheon; December, Mrs. Fred Weese and Mrs. Burnell Denison.

Will the ladies kindly take note of their office and be prepared to make this the best year in our W. M. S. work.

CAMDEN EAST.

After a short illness of only two weeks of pneumonia, Mrs. George Bullock passed peacefully away about ten o'clock Saturday morning, April 9th. Deceased was a well known resident of the village, having lived here for the past 34 years. She was 64 years of age. There are left to mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother, her husband and son George, at home, and two daughters, Mrs. Harold Thompson, Napanee, Mrs. Clarence Hawley, Napanee. Three sisters also survive, namely Mrs. Fred Morrow, Kenora, Mrs. C. Clark, Chatham, and Mrs. J. Borden, Camden East. Three beautiful floral offerings covered the casket. The funeral service was held in St. Luke's Church on Monday afternoon at two o'clock. The church was filled to capacity with sympathizing relatives and friends. Rev. R. H. Spencer, rector, conducted the service. Interment was then laid to rest in the family plot in St. Luke's cemetery. The pall bearers were Messrs. George Riley, Archie Aikenbrack, Albert Salisbury, James Skinner, S. L. Williams and William Hinch. Interment was finally extended to the bereaved family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hartman and Mrs. G. Little, of Kingston, motored out and attended the funeral of their sister-in-law, Mrs. Babcock, on Monday last.

Miss Bessie Stedman, of Toronto, is spending the Easter holidays at her home here. She is a student at the School of Faculty.

Mrs. Joseph Longmore, who has spent the winter at Campbellford, with her son, Dr. Bruce Longmore, is spending a short time at R. H. Longmore's before leaving for the West.

Mrs. E. B. Switzer is quite ill and her many friends hope for a speedy recovery. Her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Bell, Moscow, has been hacring for her mother for several days.

The April meeting of the Mission Circle was held on Monday evening last in the Methodist Church Hall with the order of service. A solo was rendered by Miss Jessie Saul and the paper was given by Sindy Book was read by Joseph Lewis. There were about 25 in attendance.

The monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid was held at the home of Mrs. F. E. McWilliams with a fair attendance.

On Wednesday afternoon at 2.30 p.m., the regular meeting of the W.M.S. was held at the home of the pastor, Mrs. Sherlock. Miss Marjorie Riley, of Toronto is spending the Easter holidays with her parents and sister, Jean

"To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." I. Sam. 15-22; "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." I. Sam. 16-7; "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord, his God." Ps. 146-5; "Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." Jas. 3-16; "Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." Col. 3-12; "Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves.... I will repay saith the Lord." Rom. 12-19; "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Rom. 12-21; "Thou hast forgotten the Lord God of thy salvation and hast not been mindful of the Rock of thy strength." Isa. 17-10.

I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace and love;
Say weary heart, oppress'd with sin
May I come in, May I come in?

A BIBLE LOVER.

THIS IS THE TIME TO CLEAN UP

That a Clean-up and Paint-up Campaign will do more to reduce the national and civic fire loss than any other means is an established fact.

Fires are caused in practically every case through carelessness on the part of some individual, and a clean-up Campaign will go a long way toward combating this carelessness. A cigarette butt tossed into a pile of rubbish may cause hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of damage, but if rubbish is not allowed to accumulate the risk is considerably minimized.

During the winter it is sometimes difficult to dispose of waste material, but now that the snow is off the ground, and the weather is mild enough to make out-door work possible, no time should be lost in cleaning up every building in the town.

Attics, cellars, woodsheds, outbuildings, fence corners and the rear of business premises are the places to clean up first. It is the time to place all old papers, broken furniture, oily rags, and other inflammable material in piles and burn them. People should make a careful inspection of the whole house and surroundings and they can almost be sure to find a great deal of useless material which constitutes a fire hazard.

While paint does not resist fire yet it is usually the case that a neatly painted house or store is clean in other respects. The owner who has pride enough to keep his property painted will not allow rubbish to gather in out-of-the way corners. He will want every nook and cranie to be as spotless as the front door step and this is as it should be.

Finest Separator Oil, that won't freeze or gum up your machine, 25c. a quart at Wallace's. Why pay more?

DENBIGH.

The sugar making season is over and the work of taking care of buckets, etc., for another year has begun. The supply of syrup was excellent both in quality and quantity. Those having evaporators were able to ship out a good deal at from 82 to 82.25 per gallon. Sugar sold at 25c. a pound.

Mr. Carl Plotz is home from North Bay, where he was employed during the winter months. Mr. Plotz's experience will help their local community in Both's Hall on Wednesday evening.

The sawmills owned by Wm. Warlich and A. Lockwood are running again.

The many friends of Miss Edna Glasser and Mr. Richard Glaeser, who underwent operations for appendicitis in Kingston General Hospital recently, are pleased to hear that they are able to be out again and hope to return to their respective homes here.

Mrs. Charles Petzold is in Kingston General Hospital where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Edward Marquardt, Jr., the Assessor, is making his rounds.

The Denbigh-Plevna stage route has changed hands. Mr. William James, a former stage-driver on the route, has the business which was run by Mr. Stanley Kring for the past year. He expects to use a truck for this purpose as soon as the roads are passable to haul freight.

Mr. George Smith, who has been employed in New Ontario for the past year, is here with his family.

Mr. David Carswell and Miss Malinda McPherson, Matawatchan, were united in marriage at the parsonage here by Rev. Scott on the 13th instant.

Cement!

A full car of Portland cement now in.

Let us supply you.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ROBLIN.

The shower on Saturday evening was welcomed by everyone.

The funeral of the late Mrs. George Hinchliffe, who had been ill for some time, was held on Sunday afternoon at the H. M. church. Mr. Blanchard had charge of the service and preached a very impressive sermon. Deep sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McConnell, of Point Anne, spent Sunday with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Kimmett and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Whiteman, Melrose.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Smith, of Toronto, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Kimmett.

The many friends of Mrs. Geo. Morgan will be sorry to learn that she is quite ill again. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McKeown and family and Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Vanalstyne, of Napanee, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lasher.

Mr. Blake Barrager, late of Toronto, has opened a barber shop in Mr. D. Lasher's house and is doing a rushing business. This is just what the village needs as everyone had to go to Napanee for their tonsorial work. We wish him every success in his business.

Just when you need it.
Just where you need it.
Just as you need it.
That's REAL Coal Service.
VANLUVEN. Phone 92.

A Black Business Handled White.

INVENTOR A CANADIAN

J. P. LEE, OF GALT, ONT., PRODUCED FIRST TYPEWRITER.

He Also Was Inventor of Rifle Used by the "Contemptibles" That Stopped the Prussians In the Early Days of the Great War.

James P. Lee, the gun inventor, put the typewriter in the hands of the Remingtons, writes J. P. Jaffray, of Galt, Ont., in the Toronto Globe.

Here is the story as I had it from him while living in Galt twenty-five years ago, continues Mr. Jaffray:

Lee, an inventor from boyhood days—having blown off part of one heel while experimenting with a weapon in Dickson's bush, Galt—left Canada just before the opening of the Civil War. Landing in Milwaukee, he established the Lee Firearms Company, producing the Lee carbine—a breech-loader—with which the men of the Northern cavalry armed. His neighbor in Milwaukee was C. L. Scholes, editor of one of Milwaukee's dailies. One morning, the latter came to him with a contrivance for printing letters. Lee saw only a piano action in it, and said it needed a ratchet to move it. "All right," said Sholes, "you go ahead and finish it according to your ideas. That Lee did, sending the contrivance as a toy. Then the inventor and maker of guns and rifles had a call to Ilion, N.Y., from the Remington Brothers, and, with a number of improvements in his possession, he removed to Ilion, Sholes telling him to take the "toy" along.

Arriving at the eastern city, between talks on war and sporting weapons with Philo Remington, he spoke casually of the work done on the crude typewriter. A day or two after, Remington, having looked carefully over the model, exclaimed: "Why, Lee, in ten years that machine will be in hundreds of thousands of offices in this country!" "All right," replied Lee, "I'll put the papers and model in the vault, and when you are ready to manufacture it and make those sales, go ahead."

Gun-making was the chief line in the Ilion works. Lee had no thought beyond improvements in rifles. He was obsessed with the idea, and so, step by step, he progressed, until he became the inventor of the magazine rifle. And then it was on to Europe, and successively there appeared, under the auspices of the British Government, the Lee-Burton, the Lee-Metford and the Lee-Enfield, with the United States putting out the Lee "Straight Pull," the American service rifle.

Meanwhile, the Remingtons had been bankrupted through a huge land speculation in Minnesota, losing the Ilion shops in the "clean-up." Their office were some young men, Wyckoff, Seamans and Benedict. The model of the typewriter and specifications fell into their hands. They sensed the usefulness of the "toy" from a business standpoint, commercialized it, and soon became millionaires—two "multi-millionaires." For twenty years they had the field to themselves, and Philo Remington's prediction, that failed to move Lee to see a vast fortune in the manufacture of the machine, was amply fulfilled.

It was "Jim" Lee's rifle in the hands of the never-to-be-forgotten "Contemptibles" that stopped dead the smash of the Prussians in the early months of the war, and saved Europe from Prussian domination. And that same rifle, when "Jim" Lee's memories got into the scrap, was being manufactured at Eddystone, near Philadelphia, at the rate of 1,500 per day, to be the only weapon used by the Allies.

Here, in Galt, stands to-day the house in which Lee died. It is a "roughcast," to the rear of Central Church, in which Lee's father, an expert watchmaker, had a man of considerable standing, had his little shop, opening it shortly after his arrival from Roxborroughshire, Scotland.

Lastly, Lee told Mr. Jaffray that the invention of the rifle was thought out to the end while on a visit to a boyhood chum in Galt, and it came over here to work in a "retreat" until he accomplished his purpose. Here perhaps, after problem was solved, until the way appeared clear for a call on War Departments.

Shanghai's Stamps.

Shanghai issued its own postage stamps at one time, and the collector who possesses an example of the original issue is a lucky man.

The stamps, which made their appearance in 1865, were really more like labels than anything else, and were printed, one at a time, on a hand press. Native printers were responsible for the work, and the design was a dragon, engraved on wood by a Chinese artist.

This issue was replaced in 1866 by stamps printed in London. They also showed a dragon design, but had also a design incorporating the flags of the countries represented in the International Settlement was substituted. Both of these issues of stamps are now rare, but reprints and even forgeries are not uncommon.

Never Stifle a Sneeze.

Almost every organ in the human body is affected by diseased nasal organs, and the foundation for a life of health is sound, healthy breathing through the nose, said a doctor at a recent conference.

A sneeze should never be stifled, but sniffing is extremely bad for one. It would do some of us good to take a lesson from the animals, especially the elephant. If he has a yard and a half of nose, can keep his head clear, surely we ought to be able to do something with our children.

Like the Sunlight.

The most highly colored fruits grow in regions that get intense sunlight.

Siberia.

Only one-fourth of Siberia is suitable for farming; but this area covers 1,300,000 square miles.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

PETER AT THE TRANSFIGURATION

Sunday, April 24.—Mark 9 : 2-10; II. Peter 1 : 16-18.

Golden Text.—A voice came out of the cloud, saying : This is My beloved Son, hear Him. (Mark 9 : 7.)

Four great truths the Lord Jesus Christ was teaching to His disciples in last week's lesson and this. Three were in the last one : His Deity, Death and Resurrection.

Peter's great confession witnessed to the fact that Christ was not John the Baptist risen from the dead, or Elijah, or one of the old Testament prophets, but "the Son of the living God." Christ is a member of the Godhead, the Trinity, eternal and uncreated.

After His unique identity and Deity were recognized, the Lord began teaching His disciples that He must "be killed, and be raised again the third day" (Matt. 16 : 21). He revealed to them in advance the mystery of His sacrificial, atoning death as the sinner's substitute, and the victory over death that He would win by His bodily resurrection. They could not understand.

Then He went on, in the verses following last week's lesson (Matt. 16:25-28), to teach them about His second Coming. His return to this earth in glory to establish His Kingdom. That truth is set forth more fully this week. See the sharp contrasts, the ups and downs, in these teachings or revelations from the Lord.

First, the disclosures of His Deity. His oneness with God. His unique Sonship as a member of the Godhead. That showed Christ in the heights of Heaven with God Himself. Then came the sudden, amazing disclosure that this Christ, who is God, must die, and die under condemnation. That was going down, indeed, in the depths described in Philippians 2 : 8. This again is offset by the miracle of bodily resurrection. And then follows another ascent in glory and power, shown in the transfiguration, foretelling Christ's return as King of kings and Lord of lords.

At the end of the last lesson Christ had declared : "The Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels ; and He had promised that some of the disciples to whom He was speaking before, before tasting of death, "see the Son of man coming in His Kingdom." And after six days" that prediction was fulfilled in the transfiguration.

The inner circle of three disciples, Peter, James and John, were taken up into a high mountain by the Lord, and there He was transfigured supernaturally so that He appeared to them in that dazzling whiteness and glory in which He was seen by John, 60 years later, on Patmos (Rev. 1 : 13-16). The three disciples were permitted to see Jesus as some day all will "see the Son of man coming in the clouds with great power and glory" (Mark 13 : 26). The Kingdom of God centres in the King ; they saw Christ as King.

Six days before Peter had blundered sinfully, and had been Satan's mouthpiece, as he tried to dissuade Christ from the death by which alone the world could be saved. Now Peter blunders and sins again. He, the three saw Moses and Elijah standing on the mount in the presence of the transfigured Lord. Peter asked permission to erect three tabernacles or booths : "One for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." It was like the unconsciously blasphemous words we so often hear today, from unbelieving historians and other writers, speaking of history's great men, such as Socrates and Confucius and Jesus.

Many years ago Horace Bushnell wrote a great sermon, "The Character of Jesus Forbids His Possible Classification With Men." Peter ought to have known this. It was sacrilege and sin to classify Jesus with Moses and Elijah, and together to build tabernacles for the three as though they were on an equality. Christ has been given "a name which is above every name" (Phil. 2 : 9).

God's loving rebuke followed. Out of the cloud that overshadowed them came His voice, "This is My beloved Son : hear Him." It might be well for most of us if we talked less to God, and let Him talk more to us. We are so full of suggestions as to what He ought to do, or what we ought to do, and all the time He may be waiting for us to listen to Him.

As the disciples looked, "they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves." He is all we need, both now and at His coming.

The Scofield reference Bible has a rich note on the transfiguration scene. "The transfiguration scene contains, in miniature, all the events of the future Kingdom in its glorified state. (1) The Lord not in humiliation, but in glory (v. 2). (2) Moses, glorified, representative of the redeemed who have passed through death into the Kingdom (Matt. 13 : 43 ; cf. Luke 9 : 30, 31). (3) Elijah, glorified, representative of the redeemed who have entered the Kingdom by translation (I. Cor. 15-52 ; I. Thess. 4 : 14-17). (4) Peter, James and John, not glorified, representatives (for the moment) of Israel in the flesh in the future Kingdom (Ezek. 36 : 21-27). (5) The multitude at the foot of the mountain (v. 14), representative of the nations who are to be brought into the Kingdom after it is established over Israel (Isa. 11:10-12, etc.)"

Peter learned his lesson. More than thirty years later he wrote about what he had seen on the mount of transfiguration, and showed that it had made known to them "the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

Here and There

From the year 1919 to 1925 there was an increase of $1,303,772,886 in the total taxable value of realty in Canada, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The value in the latter year was $7,331,785,535.

The maple syrup production of the Province of Quebec will be in the neighborhood of 20,000,000 gallons, it has been officially estimated, this being an average output. The season has been much more advanced than in former years.

The pulp newsprint mill of the New Brunswick International Paper Co., Ltd., will be erected in Dalhousie, it is understood, as it is said that satisfactory arrangements resulted at the conference between representatives of the company and the town council.

A school will be established at the Vancouver Shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the purpose of instructing the apprentices in mathematics and drawing, it was announced recently by A. Sturrock, assistant superintendent of motive power, western lines.

"Merry Sunshine," an eight year red poll cow, bred and owned by Gowan Brothers, of Kamloops, has recently completed a 365-day R.O.P. test and established a new Canadian record with 13,517 pounds of milk. This record was made under ordinary farm conditions on a ranch nearly 4,000 feet above sea level, the cow staying out of doors day and night.

A cable from London, England, reads: "Following the perfection of a method for the production of artificial wool from pine needles by Italian and German scientists, a British financial and industrial corporation is in touch with Quebec Provincial Agents Office at Quebec city investigating the possibility of establishing such an industry in Quebec Province.

A great future for tobacco growing in Western Ontario is predicted by the Hon. J. S. Martin, Provincial Minister of Agriculture, who states that counties engaged in this industry have demonstrated that they can grow as fine tobacco leaf as Kentucky or Virginia. A number of experts have been engaged, he announced, to visit new growers and give them all information possible.

Supervising 200 Norwegian settlers, including wives and children, from the districts of Nottoden, Heddal and Valdres sections of Norway, Eric Flatebo, chief clerk in the Canadian Pacific Railway offices at Bergen, saw the settlers off for Winnipeg from the Windsor Station, Montreal, fifty of the party are going straight to relatives. Mr. Flatebo estimates that some 600 persons from the districts named will eventually come to Western Canada.

Via Canadian Pacific Railway recently there was forwarded to His Holiness the Pope an album of photographs of the Canadian Rockies offered by E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President of the system, following the suggestion made by a prominent Canadian citizen who had described the Canadian Rockies to His Holiness in an interview some time ago. A wish for a book showing views of the mountains was expressed by the Pope whose wish was conveyed to Mr. Beatty. The album is beautifully bound in white kid.

Canadian ilmenite ores will soon be used in the manufacture of a new pigment called "Titanium White" (to be used in the same way as white lead) according to R. H. Monk, of Montreal, who states that plans are nearing completion for the erection of a plant in Montreal, and, if everything develops as expected, this plant will be set up in the autumn. The development branch of the Department of Colonization and Development, Canadian Pacific Railway, has been active in furthering the establishment of this industry.

She Saved Her Bacon.

In 1863 there lived near Palmetto a widow named Cochran. Although alone, her smoke-house was well stocked, and, when Sherman's army came marching through she was well supplied. Learning their thievish disposition, she had her entire stock of bacon piled up in the front yard and a huge butcher's knife stuck in the same. It was not long before Yankee noses smelt the meat, and came prowling around. To their surprise, it was all ready for them to take away, and there stood the old lady, who shouted as a gang came in sight, "Come on, ye heathens an' help yerself to this fine meat, 'kase I've pisened every pound of it; an' may the Lord pity ye!" Her meat was not touched.

Tasmania.

Tasmania, the large island near Australia, was discovered in 1648 by a Dutch navigator named Tasman. He named the island Van Diemen's Land after the Dutch governor of Java at the time. Later it received the name of the discoverer, Tasman.

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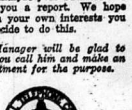

813

Four Miles of Wool.

Statistics show that every inch of cloth contains about twenty-five threads running downwards and the same number running across it, so that a square yard is composed of 1,800 threads, each a yard in length.

The average suit of clothes needs four square yards of cloth, so that every man or woman wears something like four miles of wool.

Allowing two sets of clothes a year we find that each of us uses 400 miles of wool in fifty years.

When we come to linen or cotton goods, with eighty or 100 threads each way to the inch, the total length of thread becomes appalling. A single handkerchief may contain 2,400 strands, each 15 inches long, so that 1,000 yards of cotton thread are required to make it.

A shirt represents about three miles of thread.

Cat-Haters.

Some famous people have been subject to the strange complaint which causes its victims to bolt from a room should a cat enter it. When staying at Schonbrunn after the battle of Wagram, Napoleon was heard in the middle of the night shouting loudly for help. The equerries rushed in to find their master making desperate lunges with his sword at a cat stationed behind the bed curtains, but his hand was so trembling with fear that he could not drive the animal away.

Miss Louisa Merrick, who painted Lord Roberts' portrait in India, related that she had to banish her kitten whenever the commander-in-chief came to her studio.

Popular Idea of Lightning Is Wrong.

"The path of a bolt of lightning is conceived by the average person to resemble an erratic scratch on a dark background. It is more accurately compared to an irregularly coiled rope thrown from a height."

This is the pronouncement of J. W. Legg, engineer of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, who has just developed a camera which takes 2,600 photographs a second, being one hundred and fifty times as fast as a motion picture camera.

Mr. Legg bases his conclusion in regard to lightning on experiments he has conducted and in which he observed the path of an electric spark. He says he saw the spark and the path it took.

Swallowing Vaccine.

How would you feel about swallowing a bunch of deadly disease germs? It sounds bad, but in reality it is very beneficial. In order to secure Protection against typhoid by swallowing vaccine instead of having it injected under the skin is being tried out experimentally at the bacteriological laboratories at the State College of Washington. This method has the advantage of making the victims less sick than the customary shot in the arm, but the degree of immunity it confers compared to the older way is not absolutely definitely determined, according to Prof. Victor Burke and La Verne Barnes, of the Department of Bacteriology.

Tails, You Lose.

Eddie Curtis tells this one on Frank Lawrence. Frank was making his first flight in his airship, and Eddie, the pilot, after circling the Hollywood Mountains and ever rising higher, turned the plane, when they were about three thousand feet up, into a nose dive.

"I'll bet half of the people down there thought we were falling," remarked Eddie.

"Sure," quavered Frank, "and I know danged well half of the people up here thought so, too."

Memorial to Gene Stratton-Porter.

A memorial forest of 10,000 white pine seedlings is being planted along a New York state highway, honoring Gene Stratton-Porter. This is the second such memorial in New York, the first having been planted in honor of Clara Barton, foundress of the Red Cross.

Beaver In United States.

Contrary to popular belief, the beaver is far from extinct in the United States. There are 62,000 in Colorado and Montana alone, and the number is increasing.

Giraffes Are Speedy.

Giraffes attain a speed of thirty miles an hour in their native habitat.

A Restoration

By BARBARA PHIPPS

When I was a girl of twelve I one day looked in a mirror and was struck with the difference between my appearance and that of my brothers and sisters. While they resembled one another, I looked like none of them. Their hair and eyes were black; mine was auburn. They were stocky of figure; I was taller than any of them and lithe. Besides these differences, their faces were unrefined; mine was pleased to notice, was rather pretty. I was also better dressed than they.

It did not exactly occur to me that I had been born of other parents, but from that time I began to suspect that there was something in me different from what was in them. When I was fourteen my mother, who was as different from me as the others, told me that I must earn by own living. At the same time she confessed that she was not my mother. She said that when I was a baby I had been given to her to take care of, and up to that time a certain sum of money had been paid her regularly for my keep and a specific amount to be spent on my clothes. These payments had been stopped, and this was why I must shift for myself.

Since the day I looked in the glass and discovered the difference between me and the others of the family I gradually lost whatever of affection I had felt for them. When therefore I was whom I had supposed to be my mother informed me that I must earn my own living I was content to leave them. I found a position as nursemaid, with a little boy two years old and lived in the house where I was employed.

The mother of my charge was kind to me, and one day I told her my story. She was very sympathetic and told me that my experience, together with my appearance and a native refinement there was in me, led her to believe that I was the child of persons of the upper class. This is all she said to me. I wondered if she would not offer to help me find my parents, but she did not. When I spoke of trying to find them she said that it would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack, especially since they did not wish to be found. Were this not so they would seek me. The fact that my allowance had been cut off was especially discouraging.

Had it not been for this last mentioned fact I believe I should have made an effort to find those of my own flesh and blood, though I don't know how I could have made a beginning. As it was, I was obliged to be content with my lot. The only objection there was that I had a feeling in me that I had been born in a higher sphere than that of nursemaid.

One day when I was seventeen years old my supposed mother came to see me and told me that a great change had taken place with regard to me. She was commissioned to take me to my parents.

"But," she said, "they don't know where you are, and it depends upon me whether you reach them or not. If you go to them you will be rich and can afford to pay me for what I have cost you. Here is a note for $10,000, due when you come of age, a year from now. If you will sign it I will not only return you to your parents, but will furnish the evidence that you are their child."

I referred the matter to the father of my charge, and he said that it seemed best that I should sign it. I being a minor, it would not be legal anyway. I signed the note, and in a day or two the woman drove with me to a handsome house. As on entering I was received by a lady who took me in her arms and wept over me. I had become used to noticing my appearance in contrast with those of my own supposed station, and no sooner did I see this lady than I knew by my resemblance to her that she was my mother. Her hair and outline were the same shade of auburn.

Later a gentleman came and took me on his lap and caressed me. He was my father.

It was many years before I got all the reasons for my having been put in charge of the family with whom I grew up. My father made a clandestine marriage with one to whom his parents were opposed. Soon after I was born my father consented to abjure his wife, and I, when born, was hustled off without its being known to my grandparents that my mother had been married or I born to her. My parents agreed to all this, expecting that it would be temporary. But my grandparents were relentless, and my parents, becoming poorer and poorer, at last were unable to remit any allowance. My grandfather was finally taken ill and on his deathbed relented. He had left his money to charity, but at the last moment changed his will, leaving the property to his son.

Immediately after his death my parents sought me. It turned out that my supposed mother had received $10,000 for my return. The fact that I had also been forced to pay the same amount was not pleasing to my father, and he threatened to prosecute the woman for fraudulent conduct unless she surrendered the note I had signed. This she did.

For a long while after the great change in my life I could no nothing but think about my newborn happiness, and it seemed that my father and mother were bent on making up the many years they had been deprived of their child by the affection they lavished on me.

All this occurred many years ago. I am now happily married.

The Middle Ages.

The term "Middle Ages" strictly covers the ten centuries from the fall of the Western Roman Empire in 476 A.D. to the commencement of the Reformation in the fifteenth century. The first three centuries of this period have a distinct character of their own, and are often called the Dark Ages. Some English historians consider the Middle Ages to have ended with the accession to the throne of Henry of Richmond, known as Henry VII., in 1485. He established the House of Tudor and was the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth.

WONDERS IN PLANT WORLD

Stem of Peanut Plant Bends Over and Pushes Fruit Underground.

The common peanut, beloved of the American small boy, and under its alias of "monkey-nut" not unknown to his English cousin, grows in a peculiar way. The little plant sends up its shoots, with the fruit on the end of a somewhat stiff stalk, and then before it ripens, the stem bends over and carefully pushes the fruit underground, says Tit-Bits.

There is a little mimosa that grows in the tropics which is so shy that on being shaken or touched it immediately closes up the dainty fronds of its leaves, and they remain tightly closed until they think they have given their disturber time to pass on and leave them alone. Then they slowly and cautiously open out again until presently all the leaves are flat as before.

In the hot desert regions of Arizona and Mexico the cactus stores in its thick leaves every drop of water or dew that it can get, so that there is always a supply for a dry season. In reality the spines of the cactus are the remnants of its leaves, and the so-called leaves are the modified stalks.

In the waterless regions where the cactus grows it has very little use for leaves that would only wither away from the heat, so it reduces them to a very effective weapon against all enemies and then swells the stalks to make the kind of watertank it can best use for its purposes.

The best proof of the efficiency of its reasoning is in the fact that it exists where very little else can, save a few plants which have similarly adapted themselves to circumstances.

One of the queerest things done by any plant is the extraordinary power shown by a common mushroom when it wants to grow up into the open. Tender and spongy, the slightest thing will crush its fragile substance. But this feeble thing can, and sometimes does, lift a paving stone that happens to impede its movements towards the air and light.

By what remarkable faculty of engineering is this wonder accomplished?

The carnivorous properties of some plants are well known, but there are decidedly uncanny. A plant that can lay a trap for the wily fly and can catch him and eat him, is a plant that has acquired intelligence beyond its fellows.

Is it much wonder that old travellers' tales tell of trees that can catch men? The thing is not so impossible on its own scale. But it makes one feel uncomfortable to think that such powers can be acquired at all by organisms so low as we are accustomed to regard plants.

The thing is so common that we have ceased to wonder at it, but there is a deal of cleverness in the strategy of most flowers in supplying honey in such a position that it acts as payment to the friendly bee for the service of pollinating the flowers that are to reproduce the stock.

There are some plants, however which have special methods of their own. The fig even now grows its flowers inside the fruit—or, rather, the fruit we eat is the outer covering of the flowers, and to grow the large Smyrna figs a special insect has to be encouraged.

For years these large figs could not be grown in California, until at last the right insect was imported to do the work.

There is a pine in the western forests of America that has so hard a cone that the imprisoned seeds cannot be propagated in the ordinary way. The best way is to burn the cone over a hot fire until it bursts, when the seeds escape. When the vast, all-devastating forest fires sweep the country, these pine cones have their chance, and from them the new trees grow.

Cobra Is Deaf.

The cobra is deaf to all sounds, its hearing apparatus consisting of a delicate membrane which receives only ground vibrations. Indian charmers, knowing this, tap the box or basket in which the reptile is kept, partly stunning the creature by the force of the vibrations. It is thus rendered tractable so it can be handled.

Symbol of Peace.

Palms are regarded by the people of Egypt as symbols of peace and rest and are held sacred.

How the Chinese Learned.

The Chinese learned how to make paper by watching wasps build their nests.

An Apple a Day.

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away" is true, because modern science says this fruit contains juice which enables us to double the nutritive value from other food we eat.

Two miles long, the great Sonnblick glacier in the Alps, which lay dormant in 1913 and 1914, began last year, is the greatest in the world.

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Foods In Storage.

It may surprise the average person to learn of the huge amounts of foods it is necessary to hold in storage to meet the demands of trade, says the Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior. Fresh meats in storage in cities in amount to about three pounds to every man, woman and child in the country; butter and cheese total about two pounds per capita, while the amount of fish in storage is nearly one and one-third pounds per head.

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Attractive Convention Centre

In the Lake of Bays district of the Highlands of Ontario, where not more than a half century ago, Chief Bigwin and his Indian braves conducted their hunting expeditions, the Canadian holiday-seeker now finds a delightful vacation land. Splendid facilities for boating, canoeing, fishing and other sports are there in abundance in this land of lake and forest, and to provide for the comfort of visitors, Bigwin Inn, named after the Indian chief, has been provided. Not only aquatic sports are enjoyed here, for there are also bowling, tennis, golf and tramping in the bracing, pine-scented air. The scenery which surrounds Bigwin Inn, an attractive lakeside hostelry providing for the accommodation of 500 guests, is magnificent. Lake of Bays, of which the Inn is located, nestles on the western slope of the Laurentian Range, 1,000 feet above sealevel, in a region where the air is always clean, cool and invigorating. The lake has a shoreline of 350 miles and is surrounded by thickly wooded hills.

As a convention centre Bigwin Inn is ideal. A spacious pavilion, with seating capacity for one thousand people, makes an ideal convention hall. In the artistic dining room, five hundred delegates may be banquetted at one sitting, while committees may meet around the spacious fire places in the rotunda. Bigwin Inn was chosen as the 1927 convention centre of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers' Association whose gathering brings together newspaper publishers and their wives from all parts of the Dominion of Canada.

Bigwin Inn which is one of the charming summer hotels of Eastern Canada, is conveniently located near Huntsville, Ont., and splendid boat and train service connections ensure the comfort and convenience of visitors to this delightful resort.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

The Co-operative Plan

A Farmer Tries It on an Auto

By M. QUAD

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I was driving across the country with a horse and buggy when I came to the wreck of an auto in the ditch, and a farmer was tinkering at it. He had a sledge, crowbar, an ax, a cold chisel and a screwdriver and had worked up a nice little state of perspiration.

"You appear to have a wreck here," I said as I drew in my horse.

"Appear!" he shouted as he looked up. "If this isn't the durndest wreck anybody ever saw I'll eat my hat!"

"How did it happen?"

"How does anything happen to an auto with a fool driving it?"

"Was it yours?" I asked, scenting a story.

"One-fifth of her was mine up to last night. Now the whole sad remains belong to me. Did you ever hear of the co-operative plan among farmers?"

"Lots of times."

"Wal, then, this was co-operation in buyin' and runnin' an automobile, and this is one of the results of it. The other result is that I am about $300 out of pocket and have lost a widder who was goin' to be my wife. If you want to hear all about it I'll tell you, for I guess it hain't any use to tinker any more at this blamed old thing."

The farmer took a seat on the mortal remains of the auto and drew a long breath and proceeded to say:

"There was Tom Evans, Joe Baxter, Jim Williams and Si Perkins. They are all farmers and live about here. They are all married men, and each one has a gang of children. As for me, I am an old bachelor, but I was a-sparkin' of the nicest widder woman in this county. The four men I have mentioned come over to my house one evenin' a month ago, and Tom Evans he asks if I would go in with 'em on the co-operative plan to buy an auto.

"'How much?' says I.

"'A thousand,' says he.

"'That's $250 each.'

"'Jest so, Sam.'

"'And the auto was bought?'" queried.

"She was, sir. She arrived here glistenin' like a star, and she excited the wonder of folks for ten miles around. We got a feller from town to show us how to run her, and in about a week we was all ready to glide around the country. Bein' I was a single man and mightily in love with a widder, they said I might take the auto out first, which was very decent of them. I felt sure I could run the machine as good as any man in the state. It was a bright moonlight night, and the whippoorwills were singin' and the katydids chirpin', and that widder woman should promise to be mine before we returned."

"And did she?" was asked as the farmer heaved a long sigh.

"She didn't, stranger, and I'll tell you why. We had gone about a mile as steady as an old horse when the auto slid at a stone in the road, ran through a rail fence, wrecked the auto, and the widow gave me fits."

"It gets interesting," I said.

"Kinder interestin', stranger—kinder so. We got a machinist to tinker $20 worth of things on the old machine could run again. Then it was Tom's turn. He has a wife and five children, and they all piled in. They was chippin' along as happy as larks when they came to a crossroad. The auto was for keepin' straight ahead. Tom wanted to turn to the right and his wife to the left, and the result was that the machine run into and knocked over the guidepost and then tried to climb a fence. The whole family took a spill and was scattered for twenty rods around. No one was killed, and there was no broken bones, but the bruises are yet blue, and Tom still walks bent over like an old man on account of the jar to his spine. By this time we had all got skeery of the machine, but it was Jim's turn and he not wantin' to be called a coward, he took out his family for a promenade. As the other accidents had occured at night, Jim went out in the afternoon, but the thing there might be somethin' in the night air that affected the old critter. There was seven in the family, and they was climbin' the hill beyond the red ridge when all to once the auto gave a snort and stopped in her tracks.

"'What's the matter?' asked Jim's wife.

"'Durned if I know, but she's got to go!' he answers ...

"And she did go, sir—she went backwards. There was screamin' and yellin' and swearin', and Joe's wife slapped his face, but nothin' did any good. That auto kept on goin' backwards until it dumped them all in the river, which was about three feet deep at that time. They was shook up and bruised and half drowned, but they were lucky for all that. They waded ashore and left the old auto lyin' on its back in the river."

"But you got it out again?" I asked.

"Yes. We had to," was the reply. "It was in tryin' to get the old critter home ag'in that she suddenly bolted and run into a telegraph pole and wrecked herself as you see her."

"And she won't be tinkered up again?"

"She can't be. There's nothin' left to tinker, unless the blacksmith thinks he can make five wise men out of the five fools who bought her and lost about $230 apiece. I used to think co-operation of farmers was a beautiful thing, but durn my cats if I ain't through with it!"

PICTURES ON THE CLOUDS.

United States Laboratory Has Now Perfected Machine.

A long-range searchlight gun, which can shoot pictures or images on clouds or buildings at varying distances, depending on atmospheric and cloud conditions, has been perfected by the General Electric Illuminating Engineering Laboratory at Schenectady, N.Y.

This projector, which in external appearances closely resembles a large naval cannon, with its tapering barrel painted a battleship grey, is but a small model of larger skyriters which can be made, according to W. D'Arcy Ryan, director of the laboratory.

"There is absolutely no reason why we cannot make projectors, using a sixty-inch searchlight, which will be capable of casting an image on a cloud or other object at a distance of five miles," Mr. Ryan declares. "The present gun uses an eight-inch searchlight, which can be used with either an incandescent lamp or carbon arcs. It is our laboratory model on which we have been experimenting for some time. We know its characteristics, and can now make projectors just as big and powerful as may be wanted."

Unusual sky projectors used by Mr. Ryan in his illumination of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915 resulted in the first model being built in 1917. He did it at that time for possible use in spreading propaganda over the German lines during the war. His plan was to have smoke bombs exploded over No Man's Land, and use such clouds for projecting pictures and writing which might tend to break down the morale of the enemy. But before any such experiments could be tried the Armistice was signed. Since then the projector has been used but intermittently for local celebrations in Schenectady until recently, when experiments were renewed.

A searchlight is located at the rear end of the so-called gun, and in the barrel are lenses and a slot for inserting the slide to be projected. These lenses are so arranged that the image from the slide is in constant facous at any distance greater than twenty feet from the end of the barrel, which makes it possible to cast the image about on various objects at different distances without refocusing.

The image can be reflected in ever-changing colors by use of an electrically operated screen attached to the nozzle of the projector. The speed of the screen can be regulated so the colors will vary quickly or slowly, as may be desired.

Mark Twain's Beefsteak.

Distinguished literary men, contrary to popular belief, do not live continually in the closet of inspiration. They are just like ordinary folk, after all. Mark Twain once told a hysterical admirer that he had written reams and reams in his career. What asked what he took for it he answered, "Beefsteak."

Samuel Johnson, although not an ordinary man in any of his ideas or habits, took a very commonplace view of his profession. He said that a man was a fool to write for anything but money, and when asked if he did not like to write he answered that it is not pleasant to write, but it is pleasant to have written.

An old lady was once talking with James Whitcomb Riley about the poor material reward that comes to poets. "But, Mr. Riley," she said, "you have no cause for complaint. You must be a very rich man. I understand that you get a dollar a line for all you write." "Yes, madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl, "but sometimes I'm all day and can't think of a single word."

New Terror for Criminals.

The possibility of identification by a single hair of the head is likely to become a new terror to criminals, for scientists have discovered that hair is a certain mark of a person's identity.

Human hair, examined under a powerful microscope, has the overlapping scales similar to those of a fish. A hollow canal in the centre of the hair contains the coloring matter. The scientists declare that no two individuals have hair structure exactly the same, and some of the chief points of identification are the size of the hair, size of the central canal, size of the scale-like units, and the nature of the hair surface.

Hawk Did Not Get Lark.

Working in a field at Odd Down, Bath, England, two men were amazed when a lark suddenly flew down to their feet and there huddled up as if seeking sanctuary. They could not understand the reason till they saw a hawk hovering overhead. The hawk attempted to approach but they drove it off. Then, picking up the lark, they soothed it in their hands and liberated it.

A Bottle and a Message

By F. A. MITCHEL

I'm a fisherman myself, and before I was a fisherman I was a seafarin' man. So I can truly say that I'm a waterman all over. But now I'm livin' in clover.

There be stories of bottles with messages in 'em dropped from ships goin' down, that the messages bein' written for a joke. This has made pussons think that all messages found in bottles are jokes. But this isn't so, as I can prove, for I picked up one of them bottles myself, and the pussons that the message was written to are livin' and can vouch for my story. But the message I'm thinkin' of was a different kind from the jokes.

One day when I was pullin' in my net with a catch o' mackerel I saw a bottle bobbin' up and down. It fooled me at first, and I had only to put out an oar to take it in. The cork was'n sealed, but it was driven in so tight that I had to cut it out. There was a paper inside and a message on it, written with a lead pencil. This is the way it read:

On Steamer Eden Hathaway.

Ship goin' down in a gale. I kidnaped Stephen Carright's wife with Matthew Drake, No. — Bennett Street, Baltimore, Maryland. SAM SHARKEY.

It didn't seem to me that if a feller was goin' to make a joke he'd write that sort of a one. So the next day I takes the message to Boston and hands it in at a police station. They called it a fine joke, considering like that, but said they'd see that it got to the party what it was written to.

Not bearin' nothin' from it for some time, I forgot all about it. I just kept on fishin'. One day a young feller come down on to the dock where I was mendin' my net and looked at me and asked if I was Jack Bunker. I said that was my name.

He stood lookin' at me kind o' queer for awhile; then he said:

"Mr. Bunker, if you had a wish granted what would the wish be?"

"My friend," I said, "I'm nothin' but a fisherman. I hain't got no time to be thinkin' about whether or not I'd like the sky fer a bine bandunnar."

The feller was a-studyin' me all the while, and when I'd said that he says: "Mr. Bunker, is that your boat tied up alongside the pier?"

"I reckon it is," I says.

"How would you like a new one?"

"How would I like a new one?" What d'ye take me fer—a lunatic? Of course I'd like a new boat in place o' that old trap. I'm thinkin' that the next time I git caught out in a gale she'll let me down into the briar."

"Is there anything else you'd like, Mr. Bunker?"

I looked up at him, wonderin' if he was loony.

"You're a queer feller," I says. "I reckon if I'm goin' to get these nets mended I'll have to shut you off all to once. I'd like a new house on the bluff over there, also. Indeed, as a gurdling I'd like a thousand dollars a year to keep it up. I'd like the cellar stocked with good grog. Now I've told you all this perhaps you'll let me alone for awhile."

He turned away without sayin' both in' more, and I thought he was mad. I was sorry, but I didn't see why the feller come up my time askin' fool questions, so I thought no more about it.

Less'n a month after that somebody begun to build a house on the bluff. When it was finished it was the purtyest little shack I ever seen. And one day when I come down to the dock I found a single sticker about thirty feet long, brim new and rigged out with fishing needs, an-lookin' out about a cable's length. And the queerest thing about it was that on her stern was painted the same name as my ole tub. I asked who was her owner, but nobody seemed to know anything about her.

That afternoon I come in early from fishin', bot invin' no luck, and as I rounded up to the pier who should I see standin' on it but the lunatic that was askin' me how many tinngs I'd like to have if I could get 'em. When I'd throwed the painter around a post the feller said to me:

"Mr. Bunker, when I was here some time ago I think you said you'd like a house."

"Yes, and a garding. Are you goin' to begin that racket ag'in?"

"Do you see that house up on the bluff?"

"In course I do. My eyes are as good as when I was at sea and could take in a bird on the horizon."

"That house is yours. The cellar is well stocked with grog, and there is plenty of room for a garden."

"My friend," said I, "I'd better do you a favor. From what mudhouse did you escape?"

"You also said," he went on, not noticin' my remark, "that you'd like a boat. There she is out there"—pointin' to the new boat, still ridin' at anchor—"and in a deposit company's vaults in Boston are some 5 per cent bonds that will give you a thousand dollars a year income."

"See here, stranger," I was beginnin' when he stopped me.

"I'm Stephen Carright. Your finding that bottle with the Sharkey message in it has resulted in my being restored to my parents, who are very rich. Go up to your new house on the bluff and you'll find there were waiting to thank you for being instrumental in giving them back their son."

Well, now, mebby I'm not havin' a jolly old age!

Burning Ice.

Joseph Jefferson, the American actor, used to tell this story of the days when the "make-believes" of the stage were more easily detected than they are now. In one of the plays in which he took part there was a scene in the course of which a servant entered with liches. "In those days," said Mr. Jefferson, "scantaloon cotton was stage ice-cream, just as molasses and water were stage wine, sherry or port, according to the proportion of molasses. The actors were seated at the table where they had been enjoying such viands as these, and their distance was making the very best sort of an impression on a crowded house. Then in came the maid-servant with the wobbliest sort of candelabra. The scene was so engrossing that she was scarcely noticed; but, when she set down her burden on the table, and one candle toppled out and put the ice-cream in a blaze, well, the entire audience burst into a laugh, and the curtain had to be rung down."

Press Is Growing Again.

The American press is growing again, after an almost uninterrupted period of decline since the World War, the 1927 edition of the American Newspaper Annual and Directory, just published by N. W. Ayer & Son, of Philadelphia, has revealed.

The number of newspapers published in the United States during 4926 was greater than in 1925—the second upward trend since war conditions, beginning in 1917, were felt in the publishing business. Approximately 22,000 papers were published in this country last year. In 1917, the Ayer report said, 24,868 newspapers were listed, but a decline immediately set in.

Electric Cars 80 Years Old.

Electric propulsion of cars dates as far back as 1835, when Thomas Davenport, of Vermont, and in 1838 Robert Davidson, of Scotland, both ran experimental cars of voltaic batteries carried on the car. It was not, however, until the dynamo electric machine was perfected, so as to reduce the cost of current, that any practical system was devised.

The Portrush and Giant's Causeway, England, electric tramway, in 1883, was the first line in the United Kingdom which took the current from a conductor.

To be "As Good as McLaughlin-Buick" a car would need to have

A Six-Cylinder Valve-in-Head Engine;
A Vibrationless Engine—with all mountings of resilient silencing rubber;
A Triple-Sealed Engine;
A Vacuum-Cleaned Crankcase;
Automatic Heat Control;
Thermostatic Control of water circulation;
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A DOUBLE MISTAKE

By ELINOR MARSH

"Ah, Mr. Edmonds! Happy to see you. But I confess that I am surprised."

"At what, may I ask?"

"Mother wrote me that you were very young looking for your age, but I did not expect to see a man who cannot have reached middle age."

"And I have been told that you, too, do not look your age."

"I? Why, how old do you think me?"

"A man has no right to think at all about a lady's age. I was given to understand that you do not look forty."

"Forty!"

"That's what I was told. To me you don't look over twenty. But perhaps there are two of you about twenty each?"

"You speak in riddles."

"Did you never hear of the man who said that a woman of forty should be like a bank bill that may be changed for two twenties? Ha, ha!"

Mr. Edmonds was the only one of the two who laughed at his own joke. Miss Fielding looked at him, wondering if he were not a trifle daft. Her mother, who was a widow, had written her that she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Edmonds, who would call upon her; that he was of suitable age for the mother and she hoped Gwen would be pleased with him. Was her mother to marry a man who appeared to be fifteen or twenty years younger than herself, who cracked jokes about changing forty should be like a bank bill that may be changed for two twenties? Ha, ha!" What did it all mean?

As for Edmonds, his father had written him of his engagement and had asked him to call on his fiancee, who would be at home after a certain date. He supposed he was calling on his future stepmother, and Gwen supposed she was receiving her future stepfather.

"I must confess, Mr. Edmonds," said Gwen coldly, "that you are quite a different man from the one I expected to see."

"And I confess," was the smiling reply, "that I am very agreeably disappointed in you."

Gwen looked at him with a blank stare. "What kind of a person did you expect to meet?" she queried.

"A woman twice your age."

"And I expected to find in you a man from fifty to [illegible]

"My father in that case would be from eighty to a hundred."

"I am not considering your father. I am speaking of a man of suitable age."

"But would you consider a man three-quarters of a century old a suitable match for a girl"—

"Girl! Do you consider my mother a girl?"

It was now Mr. Edmonds' turn to be astonished. "I was given to understand that both your parents were dead," he said.

"My father is dead, but I assure you that if you are to talk as nonsensically to my mother as you have been talking to me you'll find her very much alive. I assure you she will not brook a proposal to change her for two young girls."

"All I have to say," rejoined Mr. Edmonds, with a puzzled look on his face, "is that, while I know nothing whatever of the prospective mother-in-law, the bride to be is very charming."

"What mother-in-law?"

"My father's. I fear that if she is disposed to be cranky there will be trouble in the family. My father is a well disposed man and I am sure will be able to get on with his bride, but as for a mother-in-law, if she is like the most of them she will be a monkey and a parrot business between them."

Miss Fielding stood looking at Mr. Edmonds with amazement and growing anger for a few moments, then swept out of the room, saying as she went that her mother must have gone stark, staring mad. Reaching the front door she went out, shutting it behind her not over carefully.

"I wonder what the governor means," said Mr. Edmonds to himself, "by tying himself up to a young thing like that and evidently with a fine temper. And won't she make it hot for me!"

He waited until Gwen had had time to get some distance from the house, then went into the hall, took his hat, crammed it down on his head, and went his way.

The next day Mrs. Fielding returned, learned that Mr. Edmonds had called and asked Gwen if she was pleased with him.

"Pleased with him!" said Gwen. "Mamma, have you gone mad to engage yourself to a young fellow who says he would like to change you for two girls, each twenty years old?"

"Gwen! What do you mean?"

"Why, mother; he's young enough to be your son."

"He is sixty-two."

Mother and daughter looked at each other without speaking.

"Are you sure that it was Mr. Edmonds who called?" asked the mother.

Gwen went to a dresser, took a card from it and handed it to her mother.

"Why, this is Harry's card."

"Harry?"

"Yes, stupid! Didn't you see the junior on it? Harry is Mr. Edmonds' only son. He is worth $250,000 in his own right and would make a good catch for you."

"Catch!" cried Gwen in dismay. "I expect he considers that he has caught a tartar."

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65c., 75c., 85c. lb.

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60c. lb.

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Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S SON-IN-LAW — BY WELLIN'
"THANK GOODNESS THIS IS TH' SAP'S NIGHT T' GUARD MA'S ROOM AN' KEEP ANYBODY FROM SWIPIN' THAT $100,000 NECK-LACE! IT'S ME FOR A WHOLE FLOCK O' SLEEP!
ER-HEY! WOT'S TH' IDEA? WHY AREN'T YOU ON GUARD?
AW-I FELT HANDLY CAPABLE OF KEEPING AWAKE, OLD TOP SO I HIRED A CHAP TO TAKE MY PLACE.
HE CAME TO THE DOOR AWHILE AGO AWSKING FOAH A BITE TO EAT AND WHEN I OPPAWNED HIM THE OPPAWTUNITY OF EARNING A BIT BY GUARDING MOTHAW'S NECKLACE, HE JUMPED AT THE CHAWNCE!
ER-HE WOULD! HE'S TH' EXACT TYPE!
GIL WELLINGTON

EARLY MAIL CARRIERS.

Carrying of "Posts" Commenced During Reign of Henry VIII.

The wonderful postal systems which like all the corners of the earth together, like many other systems had small beginnings.

In Great Britain "official" carrying of mail or "posts" commenced during the reign of Henry VIII., says an article in Tit-Bits, and the first man to be described as "Master of the Posts" was one Henry Tuke. There was then a fairly regular service between London and Berwick and London and Calais, via Dover. The Post Office motor-van that bowls along the Dover road is following the oldest mail route in the British Isles.

It was in 1637 that the State assumed the monopoly of letter carrying. Towns on the routes were bound to supply horses, and very often an innkeeper was postmaster.

From our point of view the whole business was slack and inefficient, but in 1784 the Post Office began to go in for speed. John Palmer, of Bath, persuaded Pitt to inaugurate the system of express coaches.

The phrase "marvellous velocity" was applied by Lord Campbell to the feat of travelling from London to Edinburgh in three nights and two days, and in view of the state of the roads his phrase was justified.

Picturesqueness left the post when the railway took the mails away from the roads. The mail guard used to wear a bright uniform; he was armed, and he blew a horn. Dwellers along the Great North Road must have felt one day in 1838 that the glory had departed, for the mails henceforth travelled on Stephenson's iron ways.

Rowland Hill's name became inseparably connected with the history of the British Post Office when he instituted the prepaid penny post in 1839. Henniker Heaton advocated and Joseph Chamberlain brought in the "Imperial Penny Post." Both services are a little dearer to-day, perhaps awaiting still another vigorous and dogged reformer.

However that may be, it is interesting to ponder upon the mighty organization that has grown out of "His Majesty's Post" of Tudor times, and which now carries millions of letters and parcels, has a huge telegraphic, telephonic, and wireless service, collects gas, taxes, pays out old age, army, and navy pensions, and assists in the conduct of the National Health Insurance.

The Chaperon.

Among many African and Asiatic peoples girls were betrothed in infancy and kept hidden until ready for marriage. They were taken to the warriors, an elderly woman being selected to see that they were not approached by any man. When the girls reached a certain age they were permitted to "come out" into the sun and be married. Survivals of this custom are seen in our chaperon, the coming-of-age party, and "coming out" into society.

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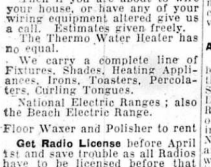

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REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by the pastor.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

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Use Johns-Manville asbestos, asphalt, slate surfaced shingles and roll roofing. Will not burn or rot.

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Notice.

The insurance business formerly conducted by the late M. C. Bogart has been taken over by J. W. Metzler.

C. B. DALY,
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The Cheapest Drink in the World.

With the exception of water, tea is the cheapest and most widely consumed drink in the world. As a drink it is good when made from good tea, but it is a terrible disappointment if cheap tea is used.

Private Sale.

Dining-room table and chairs, centre table, parlor table, arm rocker, hall rack, couch, stove, pets, beds, springs, mattress, dressers, sewing machine.

MRS. G. F. RENDELL,
Opposite Presbyterian Church.
21-bp

W. M. S. Presbyterial.

The Belleville Presbyterial of Women's Missionary Society of the United Church of Canada will be held in Bridge St. Church, Belleville, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 27th and 28th, and not at Picton as was being arranged for. Each auxiliary may send three delegates, but all women of the church are welcome at the session, which begin at 9.30 a.m., Wednesday.

Private Sale.

11 days only, sale ends April 16th. 1 extension table, 6 dining room chairs, 1 Morris arm chair, 2 leather chairs, 2 iron beds complete, 2 toilet sets, 1 quarter Oak Dresser, 1 quarter Oak Buffet, 1 quarter Oak wash stand, 1 white enamel wash stand, 1 Quebec cook stove, 1 Roberts six Octave Organ, 12 window shades.

R. H. PAUL,
19-lbr Adelphi St.

Dwelling Damaged by Fire.

About four o'clock Saturday afternoon the dwelling occupied by Mr. Henry Storms, located on the highway at the east end of the railway bridge, was badly damaged by fire. The cause of the fire is said to have been an explosion of gasoline which was being used for cleaning some wearing apparel. Considerable damage was done to the household furniture from water and smoke. Mr. Storms' loss will be considerable, as we understand there was no insurance.

Easter Cantata.

Maunder's "Penitence, Pardon and Peace" was most impressively rendered on Sunday evening by the choir of Grace United Church. The large and well-balanced chorus was especially good in both the soft passages and the climaxes and the rendition of this Easter cantata was particularly well done. Mr. Reginald Wiseman, baritone soloist, did excellent work in that exacting part. Mr. Harold Hoban sang the soprano solos with characteristic and sympathetic appeal. The cantata was heard by a large congregation. Rev. C. B. Brethen of Grace Church, Trenton, occupied the pulpit. Mr. Brethen is a former Lennox boy, being the son of Mr. Robert Brethen and the late Mrs. Brethen, of Switzerville.

Mark Twain's First Earnings.

While travelling on one occasion Mark Twain was asked by a friend and fellow passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned. "Yes," said Mr. Clemens pulling his cigar meditatively. "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school at a place where the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desk in any manner, the penalty being a fine of five dollars or public chastisement. Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be less bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the five dollars. At that period of my existence five dollars was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence and so"—here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first five dollars."

It Hurt Both Ways.

A small child, never at a loss for an excuse, once told her teacher that her father was sore, as an excuse for the fact that she did not want to practice.

"When I play it hurts me," said the child.

"We can't help a little thing like that, my dear," replied the teacher ruthlessly. "When you play it hurts me, too!"

A Little Boy's Essay.

A little boy wrote in an essay on chickens:

"Chickens is very wonderful animals. You can eat them before they're born or after they're dead!"

If You Burn Wood.

Try a good big load of Wilson's Mill Blocks at $4.00. This is kiln dried hardwood, free from bark, and a good size for any stove or range.

WILFRED S. WILSON.

CONTROL OF THE MOSQUITO

Tourists in the Canadian Rockies will be interested in knowing that a vigorous fight is being maintained against the persistent mosquito. The Entomological Branch at Ottawa reports that since 1922 in addition to oiling the waters containing the wrigglers much control work of a permanent nature, such as ditching, diking and trail cutting has been accomplished. Miles of narrow trails have been cut through dense woods to the detriment of the oiling of otherwise inaccessible places. Adverse criticism of the district among Banff, says the officer having this work in charge, has been silenced.

In addition to the foregoing, mosquito investigation is being carried on in the eastern provinces.

A Night With the Eastern Stars.

"Last Tuesday evening a number of members from Belleville of the Eastern Star accompanied Sister Lucinda Taylor, District Deputy Grand Matron and Grand Ruth of the Grand Chapter O.E.S., of Ontario, to Napanee, on her inspection of Napanee Chapter, No. 151, for charter. Arriving at the hall at 6.30 the visitors were greeted with a most tempting banquet, arranged and catered for by the ladies of that chapter. Ample justice was done to all the good things set before the guests. Music was supplied for the occasion by an orchestra conducted by Mr. Everett Stevens, and the orchestra that this young man has built around him is certainly a credit to him and Napanee. After the banquet the work of the chapter was resumed in the beautiful lodge room. Mrs. Taylor very acceptably installed the officers on their splendid work and assured them their charter would be waiting for them at Grand Lodge when it meets in Belleville in June. Visitors from Belleville and Kingston also paid complimentary remarks to the chapter. On the completion of the work Mrs. Taylor was presented with a beautiful silk umbrella.

THE USEFUL SKUNK.

If You Let Him Alone You Are In No Danger From Him.

We are accustomed to treating the skunk as a somewhat shady joke; somehow everything that has to do with the issues of smell seems to come to most people; poor Cyrano was the only mortal to whom a nose was funny; says Frank Thorne. So we run when we see a "woods pussy" and indulge in persiflage about him afterwards.

But really, our humor about the skunk is somewhat misplaced. He is himself as serious as a Scotsman. He has favourable views on minding his own business and letting other folk mind theirs. Only when he is interfered with does he unlimber his one potent means of defence. That is something not to be used for a trifle, because chemical warfare, whether waged by man or beast, is expensive. It takes a lot of feeding to distil a useful of mephitic extract. So if you let him alone you are in no danger from him.

And if you let him alone he will do you many a good turn without your ever knowing about it. For the skunk, like all the rest of the big of the weasel tribe is a tireless hunter of vermin. Rats and mice and such small deer are his normal food, but he does not despise succulent beetles and other good sized insects that prey upon our crops and timber. True, he sometimes forgets his manners so far as to rob a hen-roost, and frequently also he pounces on our friends the toad and the frog; but the evil that he does is more than outbalanced by the good.

Finally, skunks somehow lose their terror when they depart this life in a hurry and much against their wills—to become furs for milady. Formerly this handsome black-and-white pelt had to be sold under various aliases, but now we have the courage of our desires (if we have the purchasing power to back it), and in coat or neckpiece we are willing to call a skunk a skunk.

Crime In the Irish Free State.

Decrease of crime in the Irish Free States is reflected in the marked reduction in the number of persons serving terms of inprisonment in the country's jails. Since 1924 there has been a progressive and satisfactory falling off in the number of people imprisoned. At the beginning of the year there were 750 persons in prison; in 1924 there was an average number for the year of 980; in 1925, 923, and last year 853.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship 11 a.m.
Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 10.30 a.m.; Public Worship 7.30 p.m.
Gretna Church: Sunday School 10.30 a.m.; Public Worship 7.30 p.m.
Rev. J. N. Millar, of Hamilton, speaks at Hay Bay and Gretna Churches.
Every person cordially invited to attend.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:
Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

10.30—Morning prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
Presentation of Missionary Boxes.
7.00—Evening prayer.

Petition for Liquor Store in Tamworth.

An application has been made for a liquor store in Tamworth. A petition has been largely signed but those opposed to it claim to have a much larger petition ready to present.

Passion Week Services.

The Passion Week Services, which were held each evening last week in the three United Churches and the Salvation Army, were brought to a close Friday morning when a large congregation attended the Good Friday service in Grace Church. Those taking part in the service were Rev. W. R. Tanton, Rev. A. J. Wilson, Rev. W. P. Woodger and Capt. Capson. Mr. Tanton gave a very appropriate address on the subject of "The Cross" touching upon the events leading up to the crucifixion.

County Temperance Executive Meeting.

A meeting of the executive of the Prohibition Union of Frontenac-Addington, was held at Enterprise on Friday, April 8th. Mr. Frank Anglin, of Sydenham, presided and gave a detailed report of the work during his term of office. The following resolution was moved by Rev. Mr. Thornley, of Tamworth, and seconded by Mr. A. A. Jackson, of Enterprise. "We have heard with interest the verbal report of Mr. Anglin re the campaign, and while regretting the circumstances of nomination day, we wish to assure him of our appreciation of all his services, and wish to extend to him our confidence for good intentions and trust he may continue an ardent temperance worker." A decision was reached to disband the organization, and a public meeting for reorganization purposes was held at Enterprise on Monday night.

THE WOLVERINE.

A Dangerous Outlaw Not Easily Made Captive.

The wolverine, king of all weasels a dangerous outlaw, strong and cunning and with fearsome armament of teeth and claws, is not easily made captive. Yet, when a demand is made for the specimen of this species the park wardens penetrate to the more remote parts and seldom fail for long to take their quarry. Trapping these pretty brutes demands infinite patience, abundant resource and, above all, a profound knowledge of their traits and tricks. Transporting them, when caught, is often ir itself a series of intricate problems.

Some years ago a warden walked on to the platform at Lake Louise station with two wolverines bound on a small hand sleigh. Alone he had trapped the beasts and, in order to move them to headquarters, succeeded in jamming them into smooth shiny gasoline cans which were bound around with a great quantity of hay wire. This, as may well be imagined, was not accomplished without a desperate struggle, to which the clothing and skin of the warden bore mute evidence. Later, in removing the traps from their legs, it was found necessary to handle the animals, not with gloves, but with long-handled tongs, the jaws forming a collar which fitted tightly around the neck of the biting, snarling prisoners.

Danish Seed-Testing.

Seventeen years ago a number of beet seeds were stored away by a Danish seed-testing station. Each year some have been withdrawn for experimental purposes. It was found that eighty-five per cent of germination took place in the seeds of one and twenty-four per cent. in the seventeenth year of dormancy. Seeds of white clover germinated after a lapse of twenty-five years.

"A Feather In His Cap."

In ancient Hungary, a feather in a man's cap signified that the wearer had killed a Turk, this being the only lawful way of showing the number of slain enemies. From this ancient custom of using a feather as a mark of distinction is derived the familar saying, "a feather in his cap."

Golfing Supplies.

We are in a position to offer a complete set of clubs, including Driver, Mid-iron, Mashie, and Putter, for only $8.75.

Brassie may be substituted for Driver, or Niblic for Mashie.

With White Canvas Caddie Bag the same set sells at $10.75, and with heavier bags, can be supplied at $12.75 up.

This set is of good quality, and will give the beginner the best of service. These clubs can be supplied separately.

Ask our prices on all Golfing Supplies.

PAUL'S BOOKSTORE

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.
3.30—Organ recital.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
Wednesday, 7.30—"An Hour of Bible Study."

World's Greatest Schoolmaster

On February 17, 1827, Henry Pestalozzi, the father of modern education, died in a farming town near Zurich, Switzerland, with no idea that the theories of education which had been the driving force in his life would long survive him; and certainly unconscious that he would be regarded as the greatest educational genius of all time. It is rarely indeed that a man sees so far ahead of his day and dies poor, for even now we have barely caught up with his ideas and only in some of the most advanced schools are some of his old methods being put into effect. He did not clearly formulate all that later students have found in his writings. Like many other geniuses he had his share of impatience, not with the children, but with those who were trying to teach them, and he was so engrossed in teaching that he begrudged the time to elaborate in all their detail the principles that he had discovered. But Froebel, the father of the kindergarten, and Carl Ritter, the father of modern geography study were his pupils. Dr. Montessorli drew his inspiration from him.

Industrial and vocational education, gymnastics as part of a school curriculum, nature study, the moral sense, perception, the kindergarten, the democratization of education, the theory that the poor should have the same chance of an education as the rich, even the idea of school slates and pencils, and the use of moveable type for printing books, these ideas and methods invented by this remarkable Swiss. One of his pupils wrote: "The first attempts of geography were caught up in the open country. We were taken in our daily outing to a narrow walk in the orchard behind Yverdon, by the side of which the Buron flows. Efforts were made to study it as a whole, and in all its details until we had a full and correct topographic notion of it. Then we were told to comply ourselves with clay, of which there were large deposits on one side of the valley, and to model the bit of country which we had brought with us. When we had got back to the castle, we sat down to long tables, and each of us reproduced in relief from memory what had been assigned to him of the valley which we had studied. The next day we went again to the valley and made new explorations, this time from a higher elevation than before, and each time added to our work. We continued in this way until we had established the study of the river basin at Yverdon, of which we gained a bird's eye view from the top of the Mont-cela which overlooks the whole, and had also finished our model. Then, and not till then, we passed from the model to the map, which we did not look at until we had gained an insight into its meaning."

Leading children through a knowledge of things to a knowledge of names was one of his principles. That his whole heart was in his work is indicated by the following letter in the New York Times: "For years I lived in the midst of little beggars, living like a beggar myself in order to teach beggars how to live. The most it gives me indescribable pleasure to see young children, formerly miserable, 'dirty and ragged, become active, to see contentment depicted on their faces, to teach their hands to work . . . and then perhaps to discover where my talent lies. Ah, the miserable and abandoned son of the poorest artisan . . . must exist, a genius destined for social ends. . . . And I am determined that where there is not be a minute of the day when my children should not be aware from my actions that I am the father of their theirs, that their happiness was my happiness."

A graduate of the University of Zurich, he had fallen under the influence of Rousseau and determined to devote his life to agriculture. He secured a farm and began the purchase of a farm, and there he took his bride. But after five years' enthusiastic and impractical management he had dissipated all but ruined with a wife and a child to support. It was at that zero hour that he opened his house to twenty little waifs of the neighborhood to test his growing theory that the only true basis of social reform was in vocational education. He taught the children from reading, writing and arithmetic. He wrought almost a miracle among them for they were of the very dregs of society when he took them in hand. News of his work spread, and when he appealed for funds they were forthcoming. But he ran too fast. He took in more pupils than the finances of the school would admit, and after six thrilling years he had to close his school and, when in an attempt to put his theories in popular form he wrote a peasant narrative, "Leonard and Gertrude," which had a tremendous sale.

Great honors were showered upon him by foreign Governments, and from that time forward he was as famous as he was poor. Eighteen years after his first failure he got the chance of managing an orphan home of several hundred children. Here again he worked wonders with the material at hand, and in the six months at his disposal before the government closed the school, Pestalozzi next was given a fully equipped school in an old castle, and there for seven years he developed his technique. Teachers from all parts of Europe, and even from the United States, visited him and studied his methods. Once more the Government took over what he had built up, and again he opened a school in French Switzerland, and once more he became the very centre of the educational ideas of the world. For twenty years he worked, but he was no administrator, and once more the school had to close its doors, this time in discord. Disappointed, and feeling himself a failure, the old schoolmaster retired to Neuhof, where he died two years later.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
PHONE 68

Always fresh! Your favorite Laura Secord Candy, direct from the Toronto studio, at Wallace's, 60c. a lb.

The planting of shelter-belts around farms on the Canadian prairies has given appreciable results from the agricultural standpoint. The water-conserving power of the soil has been increased; better crops have resulted; and the protection from extremes of temperature and wind movement has enabled the introduction of the hardier fruits in many localities. Of particular importance is the additional moisture secured through the formation of snowdrifts which melt gradually in the spring, providing water after adjoining open areas have largely dried up.

One Robin doesn't make the Spring. Lots of cold weather ahead. VANLUVEN, Phone 92. A Black Business Handled White.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Charles Sellon, who supports Anna Q. Nilsson in "EASY PICKINGS," the breath-taking mystery "thriller," enacts the role of a corpse.

Also two good comedies.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Victor Schertzinger selected a great cast, headed by Alec B. Francis, for "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM." Fox Films version of David Belasco's interesting gripping play of life after death.

Also a two reel comedy.

And a two reel Western.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

Hoot Gibson plays the unusual role of a cowboy cartoonist in "CHIP OF THE FLYING U," his latest Universay starring production.

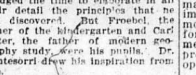
And a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

STOMACH SO BAD CAN'T EAT EVEN FRUIT

"For years was badly constipated and troubled with gas after eating. Could not eat fruit and many other things. Adlerika has done me good—can now eat anything." (signed) W. H. Fletcher. Adlerika removes GAS and often brings astonishing relief to the stomach. Brings out a surprising amount of old waste matter you never thought was in the system. Stops that full, bloated feeling and makes you enjoy eating. Excellent for chronic constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP!



Solve this! Puzzle
$1500. CASH PRIZES

What did Fred Reply?

NOTE—any person who solves 4 or more words correctly will receive an IMMEDIATE AWARD in addition to any other prize they may win.

How to Solve Puzzle

Mary remarks "Beauty is only skin deep."

What does Fred reply?

There are six words in the reply. Each group of numbers represents a word.

Number the Alphabet from A to Z. A is No. 1, B-2, C-3, and so on. The first word is "That"; it is properly spelt. Number of the other words is in its proper place but the remaining letters are misplaced. Can you solve Fred's reply?

$1,500 CASH IN PRIZES

1st ...	$1,000 Cash	4th	$25 Cash
2nd ..	$ 200 Cash	5 Prizes	$10 each
3rd ..	$ 75 Cash	90 Prizes	$5 each

Not a Selling Contest

YOU WILL POSITIVELY NOT BE ASKED TO SELL ANYTHING FOR US in order to win any of the Big Cash Prizes offered above.

When we receive your entry, we will advise you of the number of points you have gained and ask you to fulfill ONE simple condition. Contest closes July 30th, 1927.

YOU DO NOT OBLIGATE YOURSELF TO DO ANYTHING FOR US BY SENDING IN AN ANSWER TO THIS PUZZLE. It costs nothing to send in an entry.

Rules of Contest

1—Use a square sheet of paper and pen and ink; write on one side of paper only.
2—Write your name and address on top Right-hand corner (state whether Mr. or Miss). Write name and date of this newspaper in top left-hand corner. Write your answer in middle of page.
3—Nothing else should appear on the paper. If you wish to say anything else, use another sheet.
4—Every ONE entry will be accepted from a household.
5—Only ONE entry will be accepted from a household.

Rush Your Entry To-day — Send Stamp for Reply
ATLANTIC MILLS, Dept. K44 145 Wellington St. W., Toronto 2, Ont.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Limited
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

Has for 58 years maintained the highest standards in thorough business training. Students come here from Newfoundland, Bermuda, British West Indies, South America, the United States and all parts of Canada.
Write for the College catalogue.
J. L. MOORE, Principal.
dec-tf

What Makes a Town?

A prosperous rural population which demands a community centre where may be established business, educational, religious and entertainment facilities. Where these flourish and are active it is safe to surmise that the people of that section realize and appreciate the value to them of such a centre.

What Maintains It?

The towns are largely maintained by the surrounding districts. But the organization, the direction, and to a great measure the up-keep, of the institutions in such towns are in the hands of the business interests, together with those directly and indirectly connected therewith. Without the active business and professional men to supervise and govern these public institutions and undertakings no town could thrive.

Who is Mainly Affected?

Every citizen either in or about a town should be concerned in seeing to it that they do their part in carrying on any good cause which may be promoted, either by financial or active support. Only in this way will any town prosper and develop as it should.

Publicity is Required

In promotion work your local paper takes the leading part. It is ever the champion of worthy causes and philanthropic and patriotic undertakings. But to function properly, and fully carry out its natural prerogatives, it must in turn have the financial support of the community it serves. When needing advertising or printed matter always first think of

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

MORTGAGE SALE

Under and by virtue of the powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale there will be offered by sale by Public Auction at the office of the Sheriff of the County of Lennox and Addington, in the Court House, in the Town of Napanee, at the hour of two o'clock p.m. on

SATURDAY, MAY 14th, 1927.

the following property, namely: All and singular, those certain parcels or tracts of lands and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, and Province of Ontario, containing by admeasurement thirty acres (30) be the same more or less and being composed of parts of lots Nos. 22 and 23, concession 2, and part of lot No. concession 2, and part of the original road allowance between concessions 1 and 2, in the said township, and which said parcel may be more particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point where an iron bar has been planted in the northerly limit of a travelled road between Newburgh and Camden East, which point is distant six hundred and twenty-two feet (622 ft.) measured on a course north eighty-seven degrees and thirty minutes (87 degrees, 30 min.) west being along the northerly limit of the said road from where the same is intersected by a fence forming the existing line between the east and west halves of the said township number 23; thence north eighty-seven degrees and thirty-seven minutes (87 degrees, 37 min.) west one hundred and thirty-four feet and nine inches (134 ft. and 9 in.) still along the northerly limit of the said road to an angle in the same; thence south sixty-four degrees and one minutes (64 degrees, 1 min.) west six hundred and thirty-two feet and nine inches (632 ft. and 9 in.) being still along the said road to an angle in the same; thence south sixty-six degrees and nineteen minutes (66 degrees, 19 min.) west six hundred and thirty feet and five inches (630 ft. 5 in.) being still along the said northerly limit of road where an iron bar has been planted in the line of an old fence running northerly and forming the existing westerly limit of the said township lot No. 22; thence north thirty degrees and fifty-nine minutes (30 degrees, 59 min.) west along the said existing limit four hundred and eighty-eight feet (488 ft.) to an angle in said fence; thence north thirty-three degrees and ten minutes (33 degrees, 10 min.) west two hundred feet (200 ft.) to an angle in the said fence; thence north forty-four degrees and thirty minutes (44 degrees and 30 min.) west one hundred and forty feet (140 ft.) to an angle in the said fence; thence north forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes (49 degrees and 30 min.) west one hundred and thirty feet (130 ft.) to an angle in the said fence; thence north thirty-nine degrees (39 degrees) west one hundred and three feet (100 ft.) to an angle in said fence; thence north thirty degrees and thirty minutes (30 degrees, 30 min.) west still along the said fence and its production northerly in all a distance of one hundred and twenty rods (120 rds.) more or less to the centre line of the Napanee River; thence easterly following the said centre line of the Napanee river against the stream to where the same would be intersected by the northerly limit of the allowance for road between concessions 1 and 2 in the said township; thence north sixty-one degrees and four minutes (61 degrees, 4 min.) east along the southerly limit of the said road allowance three hundred and ninety feet (390 ft.) more or less to where an iron bar has been planted at the intersection of the southerly limit of the said road allowance with the easterly southerly limit of the right of way of what was formerly the Bay of Quinte Railway; thence south eighty-seven degrees and twenty-five minutes (87 degrees, 25 min.) east along the said limit of the right of way which was formerly the Bay of Quinte Railway one hundred and four feet and four inches (404 ft. 4 in.) to an iron bar has been planted; thence south fifty degrees and fifteen minutes (50 degrees, 15 min.) east one hundred and fifty-three feet (153 ft.) to an iron bar planted; thence south sixty-five degrees and fifty minutes (65 degrees, 28 ft. east ninety-seven feet (97 ft. to an iron bar planted; thence south eighty-nine degrees and fourteen minutes (89 degrees, 14 min.) east three hundred and fifty-one feet (three hundred and fifty-one feet (351 ft., 6 in.) to an iron bar planted; thence south seventy-eight degrees and forty-nine minutes (78 degrees, 49 min.) east one hundred and eighteen feet and four inches (118 ft. 4 in.) to an iron bar planted; thence south fifty-eight degrees and twenty minutes (58 degrees, 20 min.) east one hundred and twenty-nine feet (129 ft.) to an iron bar planted; thence south forty-eight degrees and twenty minutes (48 degrees, 20 min.) east one hundred and eight feet and eight inches (108 ft. and 8 in.) to an iron bar planted in the existing limit between the east and west halves of the said township lot No. 25; thence south on a course of about south thirty-one degrees and forty-seven minutes 31 degrees and 47 min. east along the said existing line dividing the east and west halves of the said lot number 23, a distance of two hundred and seventy-three feet (273 ft.) more or less to an iron bar planted in the said limit, at which point is distant four hundred and thirty-six feet (436 ft.) measured in a course north thirty one degrees and forty-seven minutes (31 degrees and 47 min.) west from where the said existing line between the east and west halves of the said Lot No. 23 intersects the northerly limit of the aforesaid road between Newburgh and Camden East; thence in a northerly direction following the windings and turnings of an old rail fence a distance of four hundred and fifty-five feet (455 ft.) to where an iron bar has been planted at the intersection of the said fence with the old fence running southerly; thence south eight degrees and thirty-three minutes (8 degrees, 33 min.) east along the said old fence two hundred and forty-two feet (242 ft.) to the iron bar planted at the place of beginning, which said parcel of land is shown tinted pink on plan of survey by Ontario Land Surveyors Speight and Van Nostrand and dated 24th of September, 1918, attached to a deed dated the tenth day of January, 1919, from the Houpt Paper Mills, Limited, to Maurice E. Preisch conveying the herein described lands to the said Maurice E. Preisch, which said deed was registered in the Registry Office for the Registry Division of Lennox and Addington in book 28 for the township of Camden on the 2nd day of June, A.D., 1919 as No. 14609;

Together with all water and water power and rights and easements for the use and development thereof on the said lands or appurtenant thereto or used in connection therewith and all buildings, mills, and machinery erected thereon and used for the manufacture of pulp and paper.

It is the real meaning and true intent of all the parties hereto that the property hereby conveyed shall include all the interest of the mortgager in all these parcels of said land formerly owned by Specialty Paper Mills, Limited, and mortgaged to the granter, together with all buildings, premises, appliances, machinery, plant and tools whether specifically enumerated or not belonging to or used in connection with the paper mills erected upon said lands.

PARCEL NO. TWO.

(1) One hundred and eighty-six thousandths of an acre (.186 ac.) be the same more or less and being composed of the southerly part of the east half of lot number 23 in concession I of the said township and which said parcel is more particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point where an iron bar has been planted in the northerly limit of the former right of way of what was formerly by the Bay of Quinte Railway brought to a distance four hundred and forty-five feet (445 ft.) measured on a course north eighty-seven degrees and twenty-five minutes (87 degrees, 25 min.) east thereon from the limit between the east and west halves of the said lot number 23; thence northerly thirty-eight degrees and ten minutes (38 degrees, 10 min.) east sixty-five feet and six inches (65 ft., 6 in.) to an iron bar planted in the northerly limit of the right of way of the Canadian Northern Railway; thence easterly along the said northerly limit of the railway spur as constructed from the tracks of the Canadian Northern Railway over the Paper Mills upon said lands; thence north easterly parallel to the said centre line of spur track to the said southern boundary of the right of way of what was formerly the Bay of Quinte Railway; thence westerly along the last mentioned boundary to the point of commencement.

On the said lands is said to be situate buildings, machinery and plant, etc., used in connection with the paper mills known as "Davenin Paper Mills, Limited," and also on one of the parcels is said to be erected a chopping mill.

TERMS OF SALE—10 per cent. of the sale price to be paid at the time of the sale, and the balance within thirty days of the sale. The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to

LESTER & RUSSELL,
5 Mail Building
Toronto, Ontario.
Solicitors for the Mortgagees.

—o—

The Holy Roman Empire.

The Holy Roman Empire is a term applied to the Confederation of German States, which held together more or less loosely from the ninth to the seventeenth day of December, A.D., 1918, and registered April 19th, 1919, in book 28 for the township of Camden, as No. 14582, upon the terms therein more particularly mentioned.

PARCEL NO. 3.

(1) Lot number four in block B as shown on the plan of the village of Camden East made by A.R. Davis, P.L.S., and filed in the Registry Office for the County of Lennox and Addington, on the 10th day of April, A.D., 1899, and

(2) All that portion of lot number twenty-three in the first concession of the said township of Camden butted and bounded as follows: Commencing on the south bank of the Napanee River, commencing at a point on the north bank of said river opposite the western boundary of said parcel number one and extending along the north bank of said river to the boundary line between lots numbers twenty-six and twenty-seven northerly along said boundary line for a distance of ten rods more or less to a point where the said boundary line intersects the southern limit of the roadway crossing a portion of said lot number twenty-six thence westerly along the southern limit of said roadway for a distance of about three hundred and seventy feet to a point where said roadway bends southerly towards the Napanee river thence southerly continuing along the said boundary of said roadway for a distance of about one hundred and thirty feet to a point where the said boundary of said roadway merges into the southern boundary of Water street thence westerly along the southern boundary of Water street to a stone monument at a distance of eight chains and three links from the easterly limit of the Centreville road thence southerly at right angles to the place of beginning on the northerly bank of the Napanee river together with the dam connecting the aforesaid two parcels of land and all the water privileges, rights and appurtenances in connection therewith.

Also that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate lying and being in the Township of Camden in the County of Lennox and Addington in the Province of Ontario, comprising part of the east half of lot twenty-three (23), concession one (1) of said township and containing by admeasurement an area of one acre more or less and as shown edged in red on a plan attached to a copy of an Order-in-Council approved by His Honour The Lieutenant Governor, dated the 17th day of February, A.D., 1919, and registered September 4th, 1919 in book 28 for the township of Camden as No. 14668, the limits of the said tract of land being described as follows: Commencing at the point of intersection of the southern boundary of the right of way of what was formerly the Bay of Quinte Railway and the south western boundary of the said east half of lot 23; thence south 29 degrees east along the said mentioned boundary to a point a square distance of 20 feet measured south westerly from the centre line of the railway spur as constructed from the tracks of the Canadian Northern Railway over the Paper Mills upon said lands; thence north easterly parallel to the said centre line of spur track to the said southern boundary of the right of way of what was formerly the Bay of Quinte Railway; thence westerly along the last mentioned boundary to the point of commencement.

On the said lands is said to be situate buildings, machinery and plant, etc., used in connection with the paper mills known as "Davenin Paper Mills, Limited," and also on one of the parcels is said to be erected a chopping mill.

TERMS OF SALE—10 per cent. of the sale price to be paid at the time of the sale, and the balance within thirty days of the sale. The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

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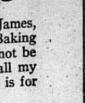
"Would not be without it for anything"

"My mother," says Mrs. Richard James, Victoria, B.C., "has used Magic Baking Powder for ever so long and would not be without it. I also am using it for all my baking and think it is the best there is for making nice cakes, biscuits, etc."

Similar sentiments are held and expressed by thousands of Canadian housewives.

Insist on Magic Baking Powder. No other is "just the same."

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA



MAGIC
BAKING POWDER

A Tactless Wooing

By EDWARD J. STEWART

The evacuation of Vera Cruz had taken place, and the fleet was ready to sail. The surgeon in charge of the hospital approached the medical director to report that all invalids had been removed.

"There's a man," said the former, "who, I think, must have died without his death getting on to the list. He was dying yesterday afternoon. I haven't seen him since and presume his body was removed. Conover should have seen to it that the record was made."

"Well, there's no time now," said the medical director, "to investigate the case. We must go aboard."

So it was that when the ships reached the United States the name of Horace Morton, petty officer, was reported, "Died in hospital."

Now, it happened that the elimination of Horace Morton was very acceptable to Mrs. Martha Jones, the mother of Ethel Jones, who had been betrothed to the sailor before he departed for Vera Cruz. He had nothing to marry on, while Philip Thompson, a plumber, who also loved Ethel, had made considerable funds in his business and was able to take care of her in good style. Mrs. Jones had set her face against her daughter's marrying Morton, and on the quiet the lady Ethel promised that if her lover lost his life in Mexico she would marry Thompson. After this promise there was peace in the Jones family. Mrs. Jones hoping that the man who she considered stood in the way of her daughter's welfare would be snuffed out by a Mexican bullet.

But there was only a small scrap at the landing at Vera Cruz, and greatly to Mrs. Jones' disappointment, Morton was not among the killed. Then came the evacuation, and with it the mother made preparations to renew the fight in the matter of a son-in-law. But when she read in a morning paper that Morton had died at Vera Cruz she muttered silent thanks and with every appearance of heartfelt sympathy broke the sad news to her daughter, all the while laying plans for a wedding with the plumber.

Ethel shut herself up in her room for a week, then came out with a surrender, telling her mother that since her lover was dead she cared not whom she married and was perfectly willing to take the plumber or any one else. Such being the case, Mrs. Jones sent Mr. Thompson word that the way was open for him to win her daughter, but she advised him to be very circumspect and proceed slowly in the affair. She believed that Ethel thought she loved another, but that the girl was deceiving herself. A few weeks' courtship would do the business.

Mr. Thompson, who was not an adept in the feminine woman who had just lost the man she loved, began by sending Ethel an invitation to a plumbers' ball. Fortunately, he sent it through Mrs. Jones, who threw it in the fire and immediately wrote her daughter's non-acceptance on account of indisposition.

Mr. Thompson's next move was sending a bouquet of flowers. Mrs. Jones intercepted them, separated the posy, put them in a box and gave them to Ethel as an offering of sympathy from the donor.

This was a beginning, and Mrs. Jones played them to advantage by sending off the indelicate attentions of Mr. Thompson to bring the affair to a successful termination in due time. Why she took so much pains to prevent her daughter's marrying the man of daughter's want of tact is not plain, because Ethel was not in a state of mind to care whom she married. Perhaps her mother was looking to the future. It is also a question as to why Mr. Thompson was anxious to marry a girl whose heart was in the grave. He explained this to Mrs. Jones by saying that a live man was worth any day than a dead one and Ethel was sure to find it out. It must be admitted that there is more wisdom in the explanation than sentiment in the statement.

All things have an end, and the plumber's courtship was no exception. The wedding day came round, and with it came a coincidence. When the wedding party was assembling in the hall Horace Morton, who had failed to get on the dead list in accordance with the navy regulations. And there was no time for an investigation. He had walked out of the hospital in delirium, and the party responsible for him had been looking for him up to the very moment of the sailing of the fleet homeward.

Upon his appearance as a wedding guest, pale and emaciated, there was a scattering of those present. The bride alone seemed to consider him flesh and blood and, rushing toward him, fell into his arms. This was the award of Mrs. Jones' opposition to him and her preference for the plumber; consequently he took in the situation with out its being explained to him.

"I reckon," he said, "that since every thing is handy for a wedding we may as well have one."

Mrs. Jones, seeing that she had lost threw up the sponge. The plumber remarked that there were good fish in the sea as ever were caught and walked away without any evident disappointment. Ethel was presently prevailed upon to celebrate the wedding with a change of name, and when the parson came in she was married to the sailor.

This is not the only case of a man's being officially reported turning up at a time when he is not expected.

Greatest Seaport of the World.

Notwithstanding its many and growing rivals, London continues to be the greatest seaport of the world. During the year 9,926 ships entered London port having a total tonnage of 24,717,055 tons, and ships cleared having a total tonnage of 22,347,920 tons. The ocean trade of the port, that year had a value of over $3,700,000,000.

Oil Plant at Fort Churchill.

A modern plant for extracting oil from whales has been established at Fort Churchill, Ont.

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SABLE ISLAND

"Graveyard of the North Atlantic" Lies Off Coast of Nova Scotia.

Ever since white men began to navigate the stormy waters surrounding Sable Island, more than 400 years ago, this huge sandbank, with its submerged and treacherous reefs, has yearly taken its toll of those who go down to the sea in ships. Two disasters occurred there last year—that of the "Labrador" and that of the "Harold Caspar." They were total losses, but the crews of both ships were saved, for which happy circumstance great credit is due the staff kept there by the Federal Department of Marine and Fisheries.

This island bank of sand, about 230 miles due east of Queen's County, Nova Scotia, is much smaller than it was when discovered, but it still is about 30 miles in length. It contains lagoons of fresh water and a light soil in parts. The population is now 55 persons, and as many of the men belonging to the life-saving work are married, there are several families on the island. The staff keeps in fine condition their buildings, boats, and wireless equipment, and besides they do some farming and stock raising.

The industrial achievements of the staff on Sable Island are set forth in the report of the superintendent, Mr. H. F. Henry. Two paragraphs on these subjects are interesting.

"Farming," states the superintendent, "was carried on as usual by all stations, but was a very poor year all over the island. The combined crop last fall (1925) was 60 bushels potatoes, 30 bushels turnips, 20 bushels carrots, 10 bushels beets, 3 bushels parsnip. The above was what was left after using vegetables for two months. The cabbage was a failure. Cranberries failed on account of frost and the bogs filling with water before they were ready to pick. Main Station cut and stowed 55 loads of hay in barns; 20 loads of those were fine hay. All other stations filled barns with hay as usual.

"No Sable Island wild ponies died during the year. There are about 100 wild ponies."

The superintendent concludes his report with this brief statement of essential duties performed. "During the year the Island was patrolled fifty-five times. Carried out boat drill six times, and rocket apparatus five times; the surf boat was used four times with lifeboat's crew. Visited all stations twelve times during the year."

THOUSAND PRIZES IN YEAR.

W. Darnborough Brought Renown to Laura, Saskatchewan.

William Darnborough hails from a Yorkshire town and he knew nothing at all about farming when he landed in Canada in 1903, a green Englishman of 23. He filed on a 160-acre homestead 35 miles from the nearest railway station, Saskatoon. Now he has 800 well-fenced acres within ten minutes walk of a town on the mainline. He started in the regulation sod shack as a prairie bachelor, who knew the loneliness and drudgery of pioneer life. Now he has a family and a fine house.

Darnborough's first specialty was sheep. He has shown that wool and mutton can be profitably produced in Saskatchewan in spite of the coyotes and the cold weather. His greatest success was the grand championship for sheep at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto. A few years ago he started experimenting with apples and now he ranks as an expert in the exciting sport of hunting the perfect kernel in a field of grain. He has won awards for almost every grain and grass that can be mentioned. He has figured on the prize lists at all the western fairs, at Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Guelph, and many other places. He has lost count of his prizes at agricultural fairs, but the number is now more than 2,000. In 1926, Darnborough won nearly one thousand red, white and blue ribbons and numberous silver cups and diplomas.

"I can thank the university," he says—he is always a keen student of the latest bulletin from the College of Agriculture.

Another Success

Public Preference Endorses the New and Finer Pontiac

ALREADY you see on the highways the evidence of the popular acclaim with which the New and Finer Pontiac Six is being received. Already enthusiastic owners by the thousands are wholeheartedly endorsing this unusual car—are praising its arresting beauty, its long, low lines, its fleetness, its countless new refinements, its up-to-the-minute completeness. Even their most optimistic expectations have been more than realized in the New and Finer Pontiac Six.

If you have not seen and inspected the New and Finer Pontiac Six at close range—if you have not investigated the new, lower prices which are making Pontiac Six the outstanding car value of its field—you owe it to yourself to do so without delay. For, in the New and Finer Pontiac Six, General Motors presents its latest achievement—its answer to the need for a truly fine, low-priced six-cylinder car. You are invited to come in and see it for yourself.

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WHERE ARE THE BEST BRAINS?

Majority of Brainiest People Come From Towns.

Do men and women with the best brains come from cities? If we take artists, barristers, engineers, inventors—members of almost any profession, in fact—we find that the majority of the best-known came from towns, says a writer in Tit-Bits.

It is often said that brains are not inherited. In other words, that the children of clever people are often stupid. Facts prove the contrary. Sir Francis Galton, one of the greatest authorities on the subject, having studied the families of English judges over a period of two and a half centuries, found that, while only one in four thousand of the general population of the country became "eminent," the proportion among the sons of these judges was one in eight.

A French scientist, M. Albert Odim, has for many years been studying the birthplaces of his best-known countrymen, and has come to the conclusion that Paris alone has produced nine times as many men of brains as all the rest of France put together. He says, moreover, that the cities of France produce thirty-five times as many clever people as the villages.

In Germany, Italy, and Spain, too, the geniuses are city-born and mostly city-bred.

America is fond of boasting of her log-cabins as nurseries for genius. Alas, cold fact knocks the bottom out of this boast, for someone who has analyzed Cattell's "American Men of Science" has found that the ratio of city-bred geniuses among America's scientific men is three times as great as those who are country-born.

The reasons why country children are brighter than those living in the country are difficult to discover, but crowds always mean competition, and town children are, as a rule, more lively in brain than those who live in country districts. They begin to learn life's lessons earlier, and so get a start which most seem to keep.

RUINS IN GREENLAND.

The Foundations of Great Cathedral Found at Julianehaab.

Within a hundred miles of Cape Farewell, at Julianehaab, in Greenland, lie the remains of the greatest Scandinavian cathedral except that of old Trondhjem in Norway.

Dr. Norland of Copenhagen has been spending some time making excavations there, and he found the foundations of the cathedral. They are nearly a hundred feet long.

In one of the chapels of the cathedral the body of a bishop has been found in full canonicals, with a ring on the finger and a crook made of walrus tusks. He probably lived about 1200 A.D.

Perhaps even more interesting than the cathedral is the Episcopal Palace close by. It must have been the largest building in Greenland except the home of the founder of the colony, Eric the Red, at Brattalid. The front is 160 feet long. The palace and its outhouses cover three acres, and there is accommodation for a hundred cattle as well as for horses, sheep and pigs.

It is realized that the old Greenland settlement was on a bigger scale than has hitherto been supposed. There must have been three or four thousand farms.

Gem Lore.

There are many superstitions connected with precious stones. Amber, for instance, was supposed to ward off epilepsy and sorceries. The Egyptians and Chaldeans used it for the same purpose. The Greeks and Romans believed it to be a preservative against poison. Coral was much valued by the ancients for dispelling enchantment and for calming frenzy. The Koh-i-noor and other centuries the talisman of India; and when, years ago, the Governor of Borneo offered $500,000, two equipped war brigs, and numbers of cannon to rthe famous stone of Matan, the rajah refused, on the plea that the fortunes of his family were connected with it, and that the water in which it was dipped cured all diseases.

Ill-Fated and Historic Car.

Ill-luck has pursued to the end the automobile in which the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria was killed on June 28, 1914, at Sarajevo, in Bosnia, the affair which led to the world war.

Recently the car became the property of a Serbian doctor, who was killed in an accident while driving it. It was sold to a Rumanian garage owner, who was driving it with five passengers when the car overturned in trying to pass another. Four of its occupants were killed and the car was wrecked beyond repair.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Heartburn.

Heartburn is due to hyperacidity or excess of acid secretion in the stomach. This interferes with digestion by preventing the proper emptying of the stomach. In this condition acid foods and sugar are especially irritating. It can be relieved, but not corrected, by the use of alkaline drugs. Bicarbonate of soda and similar remedies may be taken for temporary relief. Acid foods should be avoided. Baked potato is alkaline and is usually accepted in such cases. The food should be thoroughly mixed with saliva and should be confined for a time to stale bread, potatoes and a small amount of beans in some cases. The mental state is frequently an important factor in the cause and correction of the malady, but lack of proper exercise is the principal cause. Systematic exercise including walking, should be adopted gradually and followed regularly. The simpler the diet the better.

The Gods of Mars

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Both the girl and the green warrior stood silent in thought for some moments. The former it was who eventually broke the silence.

"Never had I considered the matter in that light before," she said. "Indeed would I give my life a thousand times if I could but save a single soul from the awful life that I have led in this cruel place. Yes, you are right and I will go with you as far as we can go, but I doubt that we ever shall escape."

I turned an inquiring glance toward the Thark.

"To the gates of Issus or to the bottom of Korus," spoke the green warrior; "to the snows to the north or to the snows to the south, Tars Tarkas follows where John Carter leads. I have spoken."

"Let us go!" I cried. "We must make the start, for we could not be further from escape than we now are, in the heart of this mountain and within the four walls of this chamber of death."

"Come, then," said the girl, "but do not flatter yourself that you can find no worse place than this within the territory of the therns."

So saying, she swung the secret panel that separated us from the apartment in which I had found her, and we stepped through once more into the presence of the other prisoners.

There were in all ten red Martians, men and women, and when we had briefly explained our plan they decided to join forces with us, though it was evident that it was with some consid-

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CH11

Then as she turned toward me, evidently with a word of explanation on her lips, her eyes suddenly widened as they rested upon me, and with a little exclamation she started toward me.

"O prince," she cried, "fate is indeed kind to us. The way is still difficult, but through this vile thing upon the floor we may yet win to the outer world. Notest thou not the remarkable resemblance between this holy thern and thyself?"

CHAPTER VII.

Through the Golden Cliffs.

THE man was indeed of my precise stature, nor were his eyes and features unlike mine, but his hair was a mass of flowing yellow locks, like those of the two I had killed, while mine is black and close cropped.

"What of the resemblance?" I asked the girl. "Do you wish me, with my black, short hair, to pose as a yellow haired priest of this infernal cult?"

She smiled and for answer approached the body of the man she had slain and, kneeling beside it, removed the circlet of gold from the forehead and then in my utter amazement lifted the entire scalp bodily from the corpse's head.

Rising, she advanced to my side and, placing the yellow wig over my black hair, crowned me with the golden circlet with the magnificent gem.

"Now don his harness, prince," she said, "and you may pass where you will in the realms of the therns, for Sator Throg was a holy thern of the tenth cycle and mighty among his kind."

As I stooped to the dead man to do her bidding I noted that not a hair grew upon his head, which was quite as bald as an egg.

"They are all thus from birth," explained Thuvia, noting my surprise. "The race from which they sprung was crowned with a luxuriant growth of golden hair, but for many ages the present race has been entirely bald. The wig, however, has come to be a part of their apparel, and so important a part do they consider it that it is cause for the deepest disgrace even a thern to appear in public without it."

In another moment I stood garbed in the habiliments of a holy thern.

At Thuvia's suggestion two of the released prisoners bore the body of the dead thern upon their shoulders with us as we continued our journey toward the storeroom, which we reached without further mishap.

Here the keys which Thuvia bore from the dead thern of the prison vault were the means of giving us immediate entrance to the chamber, and very quickly we were thoroughly outfitted with arms and ammunition.

By this time I was so thoroughly fagged that I could go no farther, so I threw myself upon the floor, bidding Tars Tarkas to do likewise and cautioning two of the released prisoners to keep careful watch.

In an instant I was asleep.

How long I slept upon the floor of the storeroom I do not know, but it must have been many hours. I was awakened with a start by cries of alarm, and scarce were my eyes opened nor had I yet sufficiently collected my wits to quite realize where I was when a fusillade of shots rang out, reverberating through the subterranean corridors in a series of deafening noises.

In an instant I was upon my feet. A dozen lesser therns confronted us from a large doorway at the opposite end of the storeroom from that which we had entered. About me lay the bodies of my companions, with the exception of Thuvia, Tars Tarkas and Cathoris, who, like myself, had been asleep upon the floor and thus escaped the first raking fire.

As I gained my feet the therns lowered their wicked rifles, their faces distorted in mingled chagrin, consternation and alarm.

Instantly I arose to the occasion.

"What means this?" I cried in tones of fierce anger. "Is Sator Throg to be murdered by his own vassals?"

"Have mercy, O master of the tenth cycle!" cried one of the fellows, while the others edged toward the doorway as though to attempt a surreptitious escape from the presence of the mighty one.

"Ask them their mission here," whispered Thuvia at my elbow.

"What do you here, fellows?" I cried. "Two from the outer world are at large within the dominions of the therns. We sought them at the command of the father of therns. One was white with black hair, the other a huge green warrior."

Here the fellow cast a suspicious glance toward Tars Tarkas.

"Here, then, is one of them," spoke Thuvia, indicating the Thark, "and if you will look upon this dead man by the door perhaps you will recognize the other. It was left for Sator Throg and his poor slaves to accomplish what the lesser therns of the guard were unable to do—we have killed one and captured the other. For this has Sator Throg given us our liberty. And now in your stupidity have you come and killed all but myself and like to have killed the mighty Sator Throg himself."

The men looked very sheepish and very scared.

"Had they not better throw these bodies to the plant men and then return to their quarters, O mighty one?" asked Thuvia of me.

"Yes. Do as Thuvia bids you," I said.

As the men picked up the bodies I noticed that the one who stooped to gather up the late Sator Throg started as his closer scrutiny fell upon the upturned face, and then the fellow stole a furtive, sneaking glance in my direction from the corner of his eye.

That he suspicioned something of the truth I could have sworn, but that it was only a suspicion which he did not dare voice was evidenced by his silence.

Again, as he bore the body from the room, he shot a quick but searching glance toward me, and then his eyes fell once more upon the bald and shiny dome of the dead man in his arms. The last fleet glimpse that I obtained of his profile as he passed from my sight without the chamber revealed a cunning smile of triumph upon his lips.

Only Tars Tarkas, Thuvia and I were left. The fatal marksmanship of the therns had snatched from our companions whatever slender chance they had of gaining the perilous freedom of the world.

So soon as the last of the gruesome procession had disappeared the girl urged us to take up our flight once more.

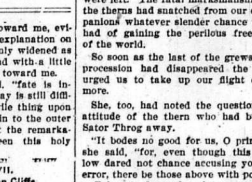
She, too, had noted the questioning attitude of the thern who had borne Sator Throg away.

"It bodes no good for us, O prince," she said, "for, even though this fellow dared not chance accusing you in error, there be those above with power sufficient to demand a closer scrutiny, and that, prince, would indeed prove fatal."

I shrugged my shoulders. It seemed that in any event the outcome of our plight must end in death. I was refreshed from my sleep, but still weak from loss of blood.

I was discouraged. Never had a feeling of such utter hopelessness come over me in the face of danger. Then the long, flowing yellow locks of the holy thern, caught by some vagrant draft, blew about my face.

Might they not still open the way to freedom? If we acted in time,


A Continuous Line of Impregnable Fortifications Circles the Outer Slopes.

might we not even yet escape before the general alarm was sounded? We could at least try.

"What will the fellow do first, Thuvia?" I asked. "How long will it be before they may return for us?"

"He will go directly to the father of therns, old Matai Shang. He may have to wait for an audience, but since he is very high among the lesser therns—in fact a thorian among them—it will not be long that Matai Shang will keep him waiting.

"Then, if the father of therns puts credence in his story, another hour will see the galleries and chambers, the courts and gardens filled with searchers."

"What we do, then, must be done within an hour. What is the best way, Thuvia, the shortest way out of this celestial hades?"

"Straight to the top of the cliffs, prince," she replied, "and then through the gardens to the inner courts. From there our way will lie within the temples of the therns and across them to the outer courts. Then the ramparts—O prince, it is hopeless! Ten thousand warriors could not hew a way to liberty from out this awful place!

"Since the beginning of time, little by little, stone by stone, have the therns been ever adding to the defenses of their stronghold. A continuous line of impregnable fortifications circles the outer slopes of the mountains of Otz.

"Within the temples that lie behind the ramparts a million fighting men are ever ready. The courts and gardens are filled with slaves, with women and with children.

"None could go a stone's throw without detection."

"If there is no other way, Thuvia, why dwell upon the difficulties of this? We must face them."

"Can we not better make the attempt after dark?" asked Tars Tarkas.

"There would seem to be no chance by day."

"There would be a little better chance by night, but even then the ramparts are well guarded, possibly better than by day. There are fewer abroad in the courts and gardens though," said Thuvia.

"What is the hour?" I asked.

"It was midnight when you released me from my chains," said Thuvia. "Two hours later we reached the storeroom. There you slept for fourteen hours. It must now be nearly sun down again. Come; we will go to some nearby window in the cliff and make sure."

So saying, she led the way through winding corridors until at a sudden turn we came upon an opening which overlooked the valley Dor.

At our right the sun was setting, a huge red orb, below the western range of cliffs.

A little below us stood the holy thern on watch upon his balcony. His scarlet robe of office was pulled tight about him in anticipation of the cold that comes so suddenly with darkness as the sun sets.

So rare is the atmosphere of Mars that it absorbs very little heat from the sun. During the daylight hours it is always extremely hot; at night it is intensely cold. Nor does the thin atmosphere refract the sun's rays or diffuse its light as upon earth.

The declining sun lighted brilliantly the eastern banks of Korus, the crimson sward, the gorgeous forest. Beneath the trees we saw feeding many herds of plant men.

Thuvia lost no time in leading us toward the corridor which winds backed forth up through the cliffs toward the surface thousands of feet above the level on which we had been.

Twice great banths, wandering loose through the galleries, blocked our progress, but in each instance Thuvia spoke a low word of command, and the snarling beasts slunk sullenly away.

"If you can dissolve all our obstacles as easily as you master these fierce brutes I can see no difficulties in our way," I said to the girl, smiling. "How do you do it?"

She shivered and then shuddered.

"I do not quite know," she said. "When first I came here I angered Sator Throg because I repulsed him. He ordered me thrown into one of the great pits in the inner gardens. It was filled with banths.

"In my own country I had been accustomed to command. Something in my voice, I do not know what, cowed the beasts as they sprang to attack me.

"Instead of tearing me to pieces, as Sator Throg had desired, they fawned at my feet. So greatly were Sator Throg and his friends amused by the sight that they kept me to train and handle the terrible creatures. I know them all by name.

"There are many of them wandering through these lower regions. They are the scavengers. Many prisoners die here in their chains. The banths solve the problem of sanitation, at least in this respect.

"In the gardens and temples above they are kept in pits. The therns fear them. It is because of the banths that they seldom venture below ground except as their duties call them."

An idea occurred to me, suggested by what Thuvia had just said.

"Why not take a number of banths and set them loose before us above ground?" I asked.

Thuvia laughed.

"It would distract attention from us, I am sure," she said.

She commenced calling in a low singsong voice that was half purr. She continued this as we wound our tedious way through the maze of subterranean passages and chambers.

Presently soft padded feet sounded close behind us, and as I turned I saw a pair of great green eyes shining in the dark shadows at our rear. From a diverging tunnel a sinuous, tawny form crept stealthily toward us.

Low growls and angry snarls assailed our ears on every side as we hastened on, and one by one the ferocious creatures answered the call of their mistress.

She spoke a word to each as it joined us. Like well schooled terriers, they paced the corridors with us, but I could not help but note the lathering lowls nor the hungry expressions with which the terrible beasts eyed Tars Tarkas and myself.

Soon we were entirely surrounded by some fifty of the brutes. Two walked close on either side of Thuvia, as guards upon the flanks. The sleek sides of others now and then touched my own naked limbs.

It was a strange experience, the almost noiseless passage of naked human feet and padded paws, the corridor walls splashed with precious stones; the dim light cast by the tiny radium bulbs set at considerable distances along the roof; the huge, maned beasts of prey crowding with low growls about us; the mighty green warrior towering high above us all; myself crowned with the priceless diadem of a holy thern, and leading the procession the beautiful girl Thuvia.

I shall not soon forget it.

Presently we approached a great chamber more brightly lighted than the corridors. Thuvia halted us. Quietly she stole toward the entrance and glanced within. Then she motioned us to follow her.

The room was filled with specimens of the strange beasts that inhabit this underworld, a hideous concoction of hybrids—the offspring of the mad dreams from the outside world, red and green Martians and the white race of therns.

Picking our way carefully, we threaded a winding path across the chamber, the great banths sniffing hungrily at the tempting prey spread before them in such tantalizing and defenseless profusion.

Several times we passed the entrances to other chambers similarly peopled, and twice again we were compelled to cross directly through them, in others were chained prisoners and beasts.

"Why is it that we see no therns?" I asked of Thuvia.

"They seldom traverse the underworld at night, for then it is that the great banths prowl the dim corridors seeking their prey. The therns fear the awful denizens of this cruel and loveless world that they have fostered and allowed to grow beneath their very feet.

"The prisoners even sometimes turn upon them and rend them. The therns can never tell from what dark shadow an assassin may spring upon his back.

"By day it is different. Then the corridors and chambers are filled with guards passing to and fro. Slaves from the temples above come by hundreds to the granaries and storerooms. All is life then. You did not see it because I led you not in the beaten path, but through roundabout passages seldom used.

"Yet it is possible that we may meet a thern even yet. They do occasionally find it necessary to come here after the sun has set. Because of this I have moved with caution."

But we reached the upper galleries without detection, and presently Thuvia halted us at the foot of a short, steep ascent.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Black Pirates of Barsoom.

ABOVE us," Thuvia said, "is a doorway which opens on to the inner gardens. I have brought you thus far. From here on for four miles to the outer ramparts our way will be beset by countless dangers.

"Guards patrol the courts, the temples, the gardens. Every inch of the ramparts themselves is beneath the eye of a sentry."

I could not understand the necessity for such an enormous force of armed men about a spot so surrounded by mystery and superstition that not a soul upon Barsoom would have dared to approach it even had they known its exact location.

I questioned Thuvia, asking her what enemies the therns could fear in their impregnable fortress.

We had reached the doorway now, and Thuvia was opening it.

"They fear the black pirates of Barsoom, O prince!" she said. "From whom may our first ancestors preserve us!"

The door swung open. The smell of growing things greeted my nostrils; the cool night air blew against my cheek.

The great banths sniffed the unfamiliar odors, and then with a rush they broke past us with low growls, swarming across the gardens of the therns beneath the lurid light of the nearer moon.

Instantly a great cry arose from the roofs of the temples, a cry of alarm and warning that, taken up from point to point, ran off to the east and to the west, from temple, court and rampart, until it sounded as a dim echo in the distance.

The great Thark's long sword leaped from its scabbard. Thuvia shrank, shuddering, to my side.

"What is it?" I asked the girl.

For answer she pointed into the sky. I looked, and there, above us, I saw shadowy bodies flitting hither and thither high over temple, courts and garden.

Almost immediately flashes of light broke from these strange objects. There was a roar of musketry and then answering flashes and roars from temple and rampart.

"The Black Pirates of Barsoom, O prince!" said Thuvia.

In great circles the air craft of the marauders swept lower and lower toward the defending forces of the therns.

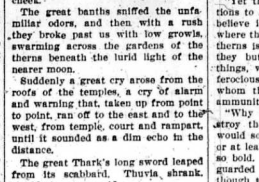
Volley after volley they vomited upon the temple guards. Volley on volley crashed through the thin air toward the fleeting and illusive fliers.

As the pirates swooped closer toward the ground thern artillery poured its shells relentlessly into the gardens and courts. The sight of them in the open brought a score of fliers darting toward us from all directions.

The therns fired upon them through shells affixed to their rifles, but oh, steadily on, came the grim black craft. They were small fliers, for the most part, built for two to three men. A few larger ones there were, but these kept high aloft, dropping bombs upon the temples from their keel batteries.

At length, with a concerted rush, evidently in response to a signal of command, the pirates in our immediate vicinity dashed recklessly to the ground in the very midst of the thern soldiery. Scarcely waiting for their craft to touch, the creatures manning them leaped among the therns with the fury of demons.

Such fighting! Never had I witnessed its like before. I had thought the green Martians the most ferocious


On, Steadily on, Came the Grim Black Craft.

warriors in the universe, but the awful abandon with which the Black Pirates threw themselves upon their foes transcended everything I ever before had seen.

Beneath the brilliant light of Mars' two glorious moons the whole scene presented itself in vivid distinctness. The golden haired, white skinned therns battled with desperate courage in hand to hand conflict with their ebony skinned foemen.

A little to one side stood Thuvia, the Thark, and I. The tide of battle had not reached us, but the fighters from time to time swung close enough that we might directly note them.

The Black Pirates interested me immensely. I had heard vague rumors—little more than legends they were—during my former life on Mars, but never had I seen them nor talked with one who had.

They were popularly supposed to inhabit the lesser moon from which they descended upon Barsoom at long intervals. Whereither visited they brought the most horrible atrocities and when they left carried away with them firearms and ammunition and young girls as prisoners.

All about us in the garden lay their sinister craft, which the therns for some reason, then unaccountable to me, made no effort to injure. Now and again a black warrior would rush from a nearby temple bearing a young woman in his arms. Straight for his flier he would leap, while those of his comrades who fought near by would rush to cover his escape.

The therns, on their side, would hasten to rescue the girl, and in an instant the two would be swallowed in a maelstrom of yelling devils, hacking and hewing at one another.

But always it seemed, were the Black Pirates of Barsoom victorious and the girl, brought miraculously unharmed through the conflict, borne away into the outer darkness upon the deck of a swift flier.

Fighting like that near us could be heard in all directions as far as sound carried, and Thuvia told me that the attacks of the Black Pirates were usually made simultaneously along the entire ribbon-like domain of the therns, which circles the valley Dor on the outer slopes of the mountains of Otz.

As the fighting receded from our position for a moment Thuvia turned toward me with a question.

"Do you understand now, O prince," she said, "why a million warriors guard the domains of the holy therns by day and by night?

"The scene you are witnessing now is but a repetition of what I have seen enacted a score of times during the fifteen years I have been a prisoner here. From time immemorial the Black Pirates of Barsoom have preyed upon the holy therns.

"Yet they never carry their expeditions to a point, as one night readily believe it was in their power to do, where the extermination of the race of therns is threatened. It is as though they but utilized the race as playthings, with which they satisfy their ferocious lust for fighting and from whom they collect toll in arms and ammunition and in prisoners."

"Why don't they jump in and destroy these fliers?" I asked. "That would soon put a stop to the attacks, or at least the blacks would scarce be so bold. Why, see how perfectly unguarded they leave their craft, as though they were lying safe in their own harbors at home!"

"The therns do not dare. They tried it once, ages ago, but the next night and for a whole moon thereafter a thousand great black battleships circled the mountains of Otz pouring tons of projectiles upon the temples, gardens and courts until every thern who was not killed was driven for safety into the subterranean galleries.

"They know that they live at all only by the sufferance of the black men. They were fear to exterminate that once, and they will not venture risking it again."

As she was talking a new element was instilled into the conflict. It came from a source equally unlooked for by either thern or pirate. The great banths which we had liberated in the garden had apparently been awed at first by the sound of the battle, the yelling of the warriors and the loud report of rifle and bomb.

But now they must have become angered by the continuous noise and crowded by the smell of new blood, for all of a sudden a great form shot from a clump of low shrubbery into the midst of a struggling mass of humanity. A scream of bestial rage broke from the beast's lips as the warm flesh beneath his powerful talons.

As though his cry was but a signal to the others, the entire great pack hurled themselves among the fighters.

Panic reigned in an instant. Thern and black man turned alike against the common enemy, for the banths showed no partiality toward either.

The awful beasts bore down a hundred men by the mere weight of their great bodies as they hurled themselves into the thick of the fight. Leaping and clawing, they mowed down the warriors with their powerful paws, turning for an instant to rend their victims with their terrible fangs.

The scene was fascinating in its terribleness, but suddenly it came to me that we were wasting valuable time watching this conflict which in itself might prove a means to our escape.

The therns were so engaged with their terrible assailants that now, if ever, escape should be comparatively easy.

I turned to search for an opening through the contending hordes. If we could but reach the ramparts we might find that the pirates somewhere had thinned the guarding forces and left a way open to us to the world without.

(Continued next week.)

Shampoo with Baby's Own Soap
Best for You and Baby too

Never Give Up.

A barber invented the old-time spinning wheel.

A farmer experimented and worked during the long winter nights, and finally brought forth the invention of printing calico in its many pretty colors.

A gardener spent his evenings studying architecture and became famous while working in his employer's garden.

A blacksmith earned his living working at his trade, and, in spare time, learned eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, which brought him money and fame.

A baker became one of the world's distinguished astronomers.

A printer discovered electricity with two sticks and a silk handkerchief.

A shoe cobbler became a great naturalist while working at his bench.

Sundial Sense.

Until the end of the eighteenth century, clocks and sundials were by custom inscribed with mottoes relating to the shortness and wise use of time.

"I also am under authority" is one legend on a Yorkshire sundial, while "It is impossible for me to lie" is on a dial near Scarborough.

At Hartlepool is a still sterner warning, "The last hour to many, possibly to you." On the dial on the southwest tower of Beverley Minster is an inscription which asks, "Now or when?"

Girls Read Boys' Books.

A study of gifted children showed that 18 per cent of the books read by the girls were boys' books, but only two per cent of the boys' reading was in girls' books.

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Pioneer Industry Flourishes in Quebec

Upper Left: Boiled sap being poured onto snow — a very popular delicacy. Upper Right: Fair visitor enjoying a taste of the delicacy. Lower Left: Gathering sap from the tree- pails. Lower Right: Tapping the trees in mid-winter.

One of the sure signs of spring about the Canadian Pacific Express yards in Montreal is the appearance of large consignments of maple sugar passing through their hands for local distribution and outside shipment. Some of the shipments are destined to points out west. In the main these are to former residents of Quebec who become homesick for the Canadian delicacy and send an order through their friends in the east.

The maple sugar industry is one that has been carried on in Quebec for many years. The syrup and sugar made in this province have established a reputation for purity. Adulterating the syrup with cane sugar is a practise that is strictly guarded against.

Old-time maple sugar bees are still held all over the province with the melting of the snow and the first running of the sap in the trees at around the end of March and the first two weeks of April, while the product is one of the most useful appertaining to the farming industry since it brings in much needed money at a time when that commodity is scarce.

A good example of a typical French-Canadian maple syrup farm is the one owned by Hiram Foster, at Knowlton, Quebec. In this case the trees, which number 1,000, are tapped in mid-winter by men who travel the woods on snowshoes and commence the work. The trees are tapped at the snow line, which is about three or four feet from the ground. By gathering time the cans are high above the ground. Large trees take two cans and small ones one can, while the trees are never tapped in the same places as in former year.

The method of tapping is to hang the cans on the trees and allow the sap to drip into them and the cans are properly protected so that no unsanitary and foreign substances can collect in them. The success of any season depends largely on the weather. The best seasons are those when there are night frosts with snow still on the ground which thaws during the day.

The maple trees attain a circumference in some cases of ten to twelve feet. The method when the sap is gathered is to bring it to a shack in the woods and boil it until all the water evaporates and pure maple syrup is left.

The maple woods in the Eastern Townships section of the province are a beautiful sight at maple sugaring time. Citizens of Montreal take the opportunity yearly to go out into the woods and eat the fresh made sugar. On these sugaring parties members fill cans with fresh snow. On top of the snow they place the boiling maple sugar. When the sugar cools they have a most exquisite delicacy.

The industry is still in its infant stage. When the Canadian government finally makes it a penal offence all over the Dominion to adulterate maple sugar, thus protecting the farmer, thousands of acres will be brought into profitable exploitation and millions of dollars will accrue to the farmer. Once anyone has tasted the pure sugar, and especially on the spot of production, a lifetime habit is formed that is unlikely ever to be broken.

Interesting Incidents

One morning a high official, the head of an Italian Government department sauntered into his office humming a tune sometime between 9.00 and o'clock. Office hours began at nine o'clock.

To his astonishment he saw a man shivering in a seat before his own desk. Moved by right-ous anger, he protested, and found that he was addressing the President of the Council!

Mussolini looked up and said to the astonished official: "Your place is empty," and waved him away.

The illustrative little incident concerns Italy's Dictator is described in his latest book of memories, "Fur-Italians: Incendiarism: Occult and Secret," by Miss Roma Lister, says The Times.

Lister tells another story of Mussolini. An English friend of his once met the Italian Premier while exercising her dogs in Villa Borghese. One morning two riders passed her, and the two dogs ran after them, barking furiously. They stopped, and one of the riders struck the dogs with his whip. The lady rode to the rescue of her dogs, and began to abuse the rider in Italian. The man turned round in his saddle, and she was face to face with Mussolini.

"Excuse me, signora," he said, courteously, taking no heed of the much words she had used, "if I struck your dogs with my whip. They are beautiful creatures, but they attacked my horse, and I am very much attached to my horse. I am sorry I struck your dogs."

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Signor Marconi, who figures in the book is the tenor whose operatic genius and popularity preceded the famous de Reszkes and Caruso. One day a lady approached him and told him she had a child who was the soul of music.

"Will you therefore," asked the lady, "allow my child a kiss with the emotion mouth that has enchanted kings?"

The tenor, who felt flattered and adored children, held out his hands, looking for the dear little tot he expected. To his astonishment the lady brought forward a most charming and beautiful girl of eighteen, who offered him her lovely lips, while her mother overpowered him with thanks.

On one occasion while in the company of Lady Mountcarret the author had an unpleasant experience. They were wandering in the grounds of the Villa Collimonna in Rome when they heard revolver shots, and bullets whizzed past their heads.

"Someone is firing at us," said Lady Mountcarret, and the two women quickly dashed out from the trees under which they had been walking to summon help, and saw two men with revolvers who were taking deliberate aim at them. By a lucky chance the porter of the villa came up and caught the men. It turned out that they were jewellers who had bought revolvers to protect their stock-in-trade and being ignorant of firearms had reloaded the rifle wall and taken the trees under which the women were standing for their target, without ascertaining first if people might be behind them.

Miss Lister describes a castle on heights above Pisaole, where there still remain intact all the various impedimenta of a fortress of the Middle Aces. The floor of the battlements is composed of supple movable planks. If you disliked the presence of some man as your neighbor, you asked him to dinner and afterwards showed him the view from the battlements, then he rumbled through a convenient hole into the garest ravine and ceased to trouble you any longer. In the castle there is still the ancient dining-hall with holes in the stone flooring, and into these were swept the remains of the food served to the lord of the castle. This was all that the wretched captives had to live on in the huge, gloomy prison-vault underneath.

"At the Court of Queen Victoria," writes Miss Lister, "the struggles, bordering on cruelty, of ladies at royal functions were beyond imagination." Ladies armed themselves with hat-pins and thrust them into the persons of those who disputed their precedence. On the stroke, "A girl I knew was seriously hurt by a vicious jab by some so-called lady, fortunately for her unknown."

Little Jack Horner.

You have all heard of this nursery hero, and you all know the rhyme telling you how "he put in his thumb and pulled out a plum," and was pleased he was with himself. Do you know that Jack Horner was a real person? He was a favorite of no less a person than King Henry VIII, and the "plum" he pulled out of the Christmas pie of those long ago days was, indeed, a big one, being nothing more or less than an abbey. It was, however, probably something that represented it, and was in the gift of the King, as a real abbey could hardly go into a pie, no matter how big it was.

School for Slaves.

Abyssinia has been much blamed for her backwardness in fulfilling her promise to abolish slavery within her borders.

There is news, however, that she has at least made a beginning. Through the British Foreign Office her Regent, Ras Taffari, has secured the help of the Anti-Slavery Society in setting up a school in the Abyssinian capital for poor children and freed slaves.

A Wild Goose Chase

By F. A. MITCHEL

This is a copy of the will of Edward Spangler, who died leaving a daughter who was engaged to Thomas Grimsby, a young man of whom the testator approved. Mr. Spangler was considered a very singular personage, and his will bears out the opinion.

"Believing that between husband and wife the one showing the greater thought, resource, ingenuity — indeed those faculties which go to make up smartness—should rule, I bequeath my fortune either to my beloved daughter, Imogene Spangler, or to the man she shall marry, the inheritance to be decided in the following manner:

"My property, consisting of twenty bonds of $5,000 each, is buried in the state of Florida. They will be found either on the right bank of the St. Johns river, at its junction with the ocean, or at Glencove Springs, twenty miles northeast of St. Augustine. The finder of the bonds—either my daughter, Imogene Spangler, or her husband—shall be their possessor."

"Surely, Tom," said Imogene after reading the will, "father must have been delirious when he signed his will. You'd better go to Florida and visit the two places named in the will. Quite likely you'll find a pointer in the one where the bonds are buried."

"I think you had better go with me. We can make it a bridal trip."

"Very good. Name the day."

Imogene and Tom were duly married and preparations made for the wedding journey. The evening before their start Imogene went into her late father's library, where the old gentle man had kept many atlases—for he was much interested in geography—with a view to locating the points where they were to hunt for the bonds. Mr. Spangler had set great store by a revolving plaster globe four feet in diameter. Imogene found St. Augustine on this globe, but not Glencove Springs, so she got down an atlas containing a sufficiently detailed map and located the points exactly.

The couple left the next morning for the Flowery State, passing gradually from winter into summer. When they reached St. Augustine Tom proposed that they put up at a third rate hotel or a cheap boarding house. Imogene did not approve of spending money freely until they had found the money to spend. But Imogene said that, being on her wedding journey, she proposed to live like a bride. Tom was overpowered, and they went to the most expensive hotel.

After a few days' rest from their journey Tom proposed that they should proceed to look up their fortune. Imogene seemed to be in no hurry.

"I'm comfortable here," she said. "Suppose you go to both points."

"But in case I find the bonds I shall be the owner of them."

"Nonsense, you are! That won't make any difference to me. I think the husband should have the money anyway. Papa was like most men—he thought that power in the family is lodged in the one who brings home the funds. He should have known that women don't work that way. Their power lies be yond dollars and cents. You go ahead and find the bonds."

Tom was puzzled. For him to go off to hunt for a fortune on such meager information as he possessed seemed ridiculous. He showed a disposition to give up the quest.

"Oh, go on!" said his wife. "You'll get mighty tired sitting around with me long before the honeymoon is over. Quite likely you'll find a clew. Father wasn't such a fool as to hide a fortune where no one could find it."

She kissed him and patted him on the back and sent him away. He went first to the Springs, where he spent a day looking for a clew. Finding none, he proceeded to Jacksonville and thence to the coast. But never a sign did he see. As for digging anywhere without a sign, he was not so stupid as all that. So after three or four days' absence he returned to St. Augustine. He expected to find his wife disappointed at his failure, but she met him with a smile.

"You don't seem to be much depressed at the loss of a fortune," he remarked.

"Isn't it a wife's duty to cheer her husband in times of adversity?" she replied.

"I hope you'll be able to keep it up when the bills begin to come in."

"Brush your hair and get that disappointed look off your face. Things are not so bad as they appear. I have something to tell you. The night before we left for this place I went into father's library to look upon his globes and maps where these places you have been are. Something in the words Glencove Springs sounded suggestive. Springs, springs,' I kept saying. Why I did it I don't know, but I pressed my thumb on the globe at the point on which it rested and broke through the surface. Taking a knife, I began to dig and found the bonds. Here they are."

Going to her trunk, she unlocked it and took out twenty 6 per cent gilt edge bonds.

Tom kissed her enthusiastically. Then suddenly the smile left his face, and he said:

"But all the values you governor of the household."

"Not at all. I expect to defer to you in everything," was the comforting reply.

But she never assigned the bonds to him, and he learned in time that her father was not so crackbrained as was supposed.

Manitoba's Paper Mill.

The Manitoba Paper Co.'s 125-ton pulp and paper mill, 6 miles north of Winnipeg, and the first pulp and paper mill in the Prairie Provinces, has begun operations. A modern town of 1,000 people is springing up on the site.

Nova Scotia's Fishery Catch.

Nova Scotia's fishery catch, according to final figures, was $14,000,000 pounds in 1926, an increase of 67,000,000 over 1925. The total value was $8,483,671 in 1926 compared with $7,167,881 in 1925.

LUNN'S SMILE-SOUVENIRS

Tells an Amusing Story of the Late Lord Curzon.

Sir Henry Lunn, in his book, "Round the World," tells an amusing story of the late Lord Curzon, who was very proud of his ancestry.

Chicherin, who is a Russian aristocrat, turned Bolshevist, was sent for one day by Lord Curzon, who, without inviting him to be seated, said to him, curtly, "You want to see me."

"No, I don't," said Chicherin.

"You have something to say to me," replied Curzon.

"No, I have not," said Chicherin, "but as I am here, Lord Curzon, I will tell you that when your ancestors were marked with ochre and were wearing sheepskins, my ancestors were the chieftains of proud tribes, and I wish you good day."

A dean and a working man got into the same railway carriage. The working man asked the dean, "Are you a curate?"

"I was once," the dean replied.

"Drink, I suppose?" concluded the other.

A man entered a Pullman dining-car in the U.S.A. and said, "Is there any member of the Protestant Episcopal Church here?"

Immediately another man rose and said, "Yes, I am."

The questioner asked, "Have you got a corkscrew, sir?"

It was forthcoming.

Her Henry culls from Ireland his story of Paddy and Mick.

Two Irishmen contemplated robbing an orchard. Mick, on Paddy's shoulders, preparing to get over a wall, heard a dog bark, and said, "Paddy, the dog's barking."

Paddy replied, "Sure, you know the rule—barking dogs don't bit."

To which Micky answered, "I know the rule and you know the rule, but does the darned dog know the rule?"

There is an amusing story of an archbishop who was present at a lecture given by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Every time the lecturer mentioned the name of Satan, a woman in the audience bowed repeatedly.

The archbishop went up to her and asked, "Why do you bow at the name of Satan?"

"One never knows what may happen," she replied, "and therefore it is well to be respectful."

Sir Henry, speaking at the Commonwealth Club, cited the following conversation between two kangaroos as an illustration of his own position in having his brains "picked," instead of his pockets, so that when he came to speak there was nothing left to say.

The father kangaroo turned to the mother kangaroo one day and remarked, "Where's the baby?"

She patted her breast and said, "Why, somebody has picked my pocket."

Journeying through Canada, Sir Henry asked a Pullman attendant, after leaving Hamilton, why it was the stationmaster told him that the train, plastered with snow and with four engines on, was only twenty minutes late. "The attendant replied, "Wal, I guess we're only twenty minutes late to you count to-day's time, but this is yesterday's train."

Two International Spies

By ETHEL HOLMES

Before the pan-European war we Americans supposed that our affairs did not interest other powers. Since then we have awakened to the fact that every government has a spy system within the territory of every other government. England, France, Italy and other powers keep secret service workers in other countries. Of all the Germans have the most perfect and extended organization. And yet some of the principal fields of the working of the German propaganda in America have originated with the British secret service men. While these systems may have been strengthened and enlarged since the opening of the war, there is reason to believe that they have always existed.

Austria and Russia have always been watching each other on account of the persistent encroachment of the two on the Balkans. Some years ago two Russian girls, sisters, went to Vienna as spies for the czar upon the intentions of the emperor of Austria regarding schemes to carve Austrian provinces out of Italian territory. One of these girls, Maria, obtained a position as copyist in the Austrian foreign office. The other, Vera, kept house for the two in rooms in an apartment building. Since they were in the pay of the Russian government they did not want for anything.

Maria was under the orders of Casar Grenthall, a man who conducted one of the bureaus of the department in which she worked. He was a handsome and otherwise attractive man, and when he made love to her she reciprocated. When they were not engaged in the office they took her out in the gardens and other places of amusement and by his kindness gradually won her heart.

It was not long before Grenthall proposed marriage to Maria. Though she loved him, she hesitated to accept him. Indeed, his being a spy complicated the affair, making her very unhappy.

Then suddenly Maria received a shock. One day when she was at work a girl occupying a desk beside her slipped a bit of paper among those before her. Maria unfolded it and read that she was suspected of purloining a certain document that had passed through her hands. Grenthall had won her in order to find out if she were stealing such documents. Her room would be searched that evening.

Maria was not only disturbed at discovering that Grenthall had deceived her, but in terror at the suspicion that existed against her. Either her life or a long imprisonment would pay the penalty. As soon as office hours were over she went to her room and told her sister what had occurred. She had stolen the paper in question, and it was concealed in their apartment. Taking it from its hiding place, she was thinking what to do with it when there was a sound of persons coming up the stairs. Maria had only time to thrust the paper into her bosom when the door was thrown open and in walked Grenthall, accompanied by several men. He made no apology for his entrance or for having played the spy upon Maria. He and his men began a search of the rooms.

Evidently he had expected to surprise Maria, for the damning paper was in her possession, to find it concealed in her apartments. Not finding it after a thorough search, it occurred to him that it might be on her person. As several men were in the room for a woman to make the search. When she arrived he told her to find out whether Maria had the paper.

Maria, when the man who had won her heart as a lover entered, gave him a look of anger, then, when the searching began, fell upon her sister's neck, sobbing piteously. While the two women were clasped in each other's arms, their bosoms close up against each other, Vera contrived to take the paper from her sister's bosom and slip it into her own.

Maria was the one suspected, but it was not to her advantage that Vera would be let off without examination. Believing that she would be searched, she cast about for some means of getting rid of the paper. She started to leave the apartment, but Grenthall ordered her back. When the woman came she made the search in one of the bedrooms, the men remaining elsewhere. Vera was with her sister. Maria was required to take off her clothes, which were carefully examined by the searcher and laid upon a table. While her back was turned Vera contrived to slip the paper into a pocket of one of the garments that had been examined. Her sister saw her do this, and hope sprang up within her.

When the search was finished and nothing found the result was reported to Grenthall. Having done as he could in the matter, he withdrew his assistants and went away while Maria was dressing.

The paper was a valuable one for the Russian government, and the sisters were anxious to save it. That night Vera, dressed as a boy, stepped out of the apartment and gained a lower suit without being noticed. The next morning, though a watch had been established, she got out of the street and away without being recognized. Maria went to the foreign office, but was discharged. Had it been known instead of suspected that she was guilty she would have been arrested.

Vera succeeded in reaching Russia with the paper and was paid a large price for it. Her sister finally rejoined her there.

A Problem.

It was at a revival in a southern church. One obdurate soul stoutly resisted the elder's exhortations.

"Yo' see its dis way, Eldah; Ah's done got a problem. Ah don't see how Ah's gwine git mah shirt on ovah mah wings when Ah gets to Glory."

"Dat ain't yo problem," retorted the Eldah. "Yo problem is how yo gwine git yo hat ovah yo horns."

Slept Like a Log.

Harwich: "I slept like a log last night."

His Wife: "Yes—a log with a saw going through it."

Varied Sports at Bigwin Inn

In the choice of a convention centre there are many questions to be considered. The accommodations for the lodging of delegates are of great importance, but also there are the factors of entertainment to be considered if the convention is to be successful from every angle. In choosing the place for the 1927 convention of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers' Association, which brings together the publishers of weekly newspapers in every section of Canada, the executive of the association considered all angles of the matter before deciding that this year's convention would be held at Bigwin Inn, in the Lake of Bays district of the Highlands of Ontario.

Here, not only would the delegates be provided with splendid hotel accommodation for themselves and their wives, but they would also find splendid facilities in the way of convention hall and committee rooms for transacting their business. From the entertainment side of the question, Bigwin Inn, located on the shore of Lake of Bays, offers to visitors every variety of land and water sports. Located in a beautiful region of lake and forest, it is an ideal holiday centre and one which is growing in popularity with each season. Every form of aquatic sport such as boating, bathing and fishing may be enjoyed, and in addition there is golf, tennis, bowling and other pursuits for those who seek these forms of diversion.

Bigwin Inn is one of the charming summer hotels of Eastern Canada and is conveniently located near Huntsville on the Toronto-North Bay line of the National System. From Huntsville the visitor is taken by well-appointed steamboat to the Inn, and special sleeping cars operate to and from Huntsville for the convenience of visitors.—Canadian National Railways photograph.

THE DISCOVERY OF MICROBES

Leeuwenhock Found Lots of Little Animals in Rain-Water.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the existence of microbes was not even suspected. But there was an obscure man in Delft, Holland, regarded by his neighbors as "not quite there." He was a draper by trade, and quite uneducated, knowing no language but his own native Dutch. He had heard that if you ground a lens out of clear glass the objects at which you looked through the lens appeared enormous.

He thought this must be rather good fun, so in the intervals of looking after his shop he made a hobby of grinding lenses. Clumsily at first, but with increasing skill and accuracy, during twenty years of his life, he ground for himself hundred of these new toys. At last he produced a tiny lens, less than an eighth of an inch across. This class was so perfect and so symmetrical that it showed the tiniest things with fantastic clearness.

He now began to look through his lens at all sorts of things—hairs, fibres, scales from his own skin, the stings of bees, the heads of flies—anything and everything. Nothing was too small of commonplace, and his delight in discovering what his lens would reveal was endless.

And one day he made a discovery. He turned his lens on a drop of clear water. His daughter heard him calling, "Come here! Hurry! There are little animals in this rain-water. They swim! They play around! They are in thousand times smaller than any creature we can see with our eyes alone. Look! See what I have discovered!"

The Dutchman's name was Leeuwenhoek, and on that day he stepped into a new world in which he labored until he died.

When he died, for a time it was feared that there would be no one to carry on the studies of the little animals which had caused so much excitement in his day, but a brilliant Italian priest named Spallanzani arose in his place and carried knowledge one step farther.

Until this time it was thought that the microbes either just "happened" or were spontaneously produced by the meat or water or whatever they were found in. Spallanzani by a series of clever experiments proved that they must have parents!

He managed to separate one tiny beast from its fellows and to keep it under observation. As he did so he saw it divide itself again, so that presently there were many microbes in the place of the original one.

The life-stories of these pioneers and of those who followed in their footsteps are set forth in a fascinating book, "Microbe Hunters," by Paul de Kruif. It is much more like a fairy-story than plain, solid fact.

Another mighty hunter's name is more familiar. He was the great Pasteur—the Frenchman who was the first to connect microbes with disease. After hundreds of dangerous experiments in which he risked his life every moment, he succeeded in inoculating dogs against rabies, and then he proceeded to healing people suffering from hydrophobia. He lived to found the famous laboratory in Paris that bears his name.

Got His Answer.

At an agricultural show in Dublin a pompous member of Parliament, addressed, found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd. Presuming he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a man on the shoulder and ordered, "Make way, there!" "Garn! Who are you pushing?" was the unexpected reply. "Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M.P. "I'm a representative of the people." "Yah!" growled the other; "but we're the bloomin' people themselves."

A Sirdar.

Sirdar is a word signifying "chief," used in Mohammedan countries for a commander-in-chief; hence used to designate the officer in supreme command of the Egyptian army.

Orchard on Roof.

Seventy fruit trees have been planted on top of Adelaide House, London's big office building, where there is already an 18-hole golf putting course.

Wit at Westminster

A daring Conservative once reminded Gladstone of the fact that, in the days of his youth, the "G.O.M." had been a pronounced Tory. But he got no change out of the great Liberal leader, who at once made this characteristic retort:—

"The honorable gentleman has taunted me with the errors of my youth, of which I have long repented. It is indeed astonishing that those same errors should be still obstinately persisted in by the honorable gentleman throughout the years of his maturity."

There was at one time in the House of Commons a certain M.P. whose very appearance had a strangely irritating effect upon Balfour. This member's features were cast in a somewhat horsefly mould, and one day another member commented on this fact while in conversation with Balfour.

"Yes," snapped the latter, "he looks like a horse, but he's only an ass!"

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, whom many will remember as the great temperance advocate of his day, was also one of the wits of St. Stephen's.

Once a very rich M.P., who was notoriously mean, did not put in an appearance at the House for several days after his election. When someone remarked that this was curious, Sir Wilfrid retorted, "Oh, not at all. He's waiting for an excursion train!"

Soon after Disraeli ushered the House of Lords as Lord Beaconsfield, one of the peers asked him how he felt in his new sphere of action. "I feel as if I were dead and buried," "Dizzy" answered. Then, seeing that he had shocked the old gentleman, he added, "and in the land of the blessed."

A London member in the Commons once reminded one of his maiden speech by sitting down on his new top-hat. An Irish member immediately rose.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, very gravely, "permit me to congratulate the honorable member on the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it."

A very smart retort was once made by Daniel O'Connell. A Mr. Shaw called the great Irishman "a death's head and crossbones." O'Connell instantly retaliated by describing his opponent as "a calf's head and jawbones."

Lord Monck once accosted his fellow-countryman, Mr. Scully, member for Tipperary, with, "Well, Scully, how are you?"

This drew the retort: "I will thank you, my lord, not to deprive my name of the last letter; or, if you do, pray add it to your own, and call yourself Monkey!"

One of the most amusing men who ever entered the British House of Commons was a Major O'Gorman, member for Waterford in the Seventies. He seemed to find it hard to speak the Chamber would be quickly filled by members who wanted a laugh.

One evening a Dr. Kenealy moved a vote of censure on Her Majesty's Judges; 433 members voted against the motion, and one for it. The solitary vote was O'Gorman's.

Afterwards, someone asked him why he voted in this way. The major, who was a very big man, replied, "Well, now, 'tis a hot night, and I knew there would be more room in the 'Aye' lobby!"

One day at question time Disraeli's advice as to how he might overcome the frequent fits of melancholy which oppressed him. The reply was, "Be in your place whenever O'Gorman speaks!"

The bestowal of honors has been discussed from time to time in the House. During one of these debates Mr. Swift MacNeill advanced the theory that people should be able to buy decorations in the open market, just as other commodities are bought.

There should be, the speaker urged, a widely-advertised tariff for titles

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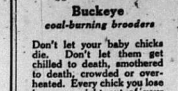

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Marcelle	75c.
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Also Scalp Treatment	

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Miss Elsie Moore, Toronto, spent Easter with her parents.

Miss Hazel Ellis, Toronto, spent Easter with her mother.

Miss Robertson, Ottawa, spent Easter with friends in Napanee.

Miss Tillie Waller, Kingston, spent Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Waller.

Miss Helen Grange is spending the holidays with her sisters in Toronto.

Miss Gertie Champan, Gananoque, is the guest of Mrs. W. V. Webster.

Mr. Geo. Guess and Miss Edna Ashley, Oakville, spent Easter with relatives in Napanee.

Mr. Morley Dellor and two boys, Ottawa, spent Easter with his mother in Napanee.

Mrs. C. V. Biehl and family, of Kitchener, spent Easter with relatives in North Fredericksburgh.

Miss Laura Rockwell is spending the week in Toronto, attending the Ontario Education Association meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stevens and Mrs. M. E. Parker, Toronto, spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davy.

Mr. Arnold Wylie, Brampton, spent Easter with friends in Napanee

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Sine and two daughters spent Easter in town.

Miss Winnie Tavener, Thomasburgh, is spending the holidays with her parents on the River Road.

Miss Hazel Vanalstyne, Kingston, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Vanalstyne.

Miss Marion Wales, B.A., Toronto, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wales.

Miss Muriel Shannon, Toronto, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shannon.

Mr. Herman Douglas, Oshawa, spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Almon Douglas.

Miss Dorcas Randall, of Peterboro, is spending the Easter holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Randall, Thomas St.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Briggs, of Toronto, spent Easter with her mother, Mrs. Nelson Vanalstine, South Napanee.

Mr. Wm. Hull, a former resident of Napanee, died on Saturday, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Hughson, Picty Hill, who has been quite ill for some time, is convalescing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Smith and little daughter, of Toronto, are renewing acquaintances in Napanee and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moffat and Mrs. Amos Kimmerly are spending Easter in New York.

Misses Winnifred and Florence Caton, Toronto, spent Easter with their sister, Mrs. W. R. Lott.

Mr. Wallace Roy, St. Catharines, spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Roy. Mrs. Roy accompanied him back to St. Catherines and will spend a week or two there.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Randall and daughter spent Easter in Kingston.

Mrs. Stanley Howe, Port Credit, spent Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Roof.

Miss White is spending the Easter holidays in Lindsay.

Miss Dunbar is spending the holidays in Toronto.

Mr. Murray, of the Collegiate staff, is spending the holidays in Renfrew.

Miss Ethel Preston is spending the holidays with her father, Mr. D. H. Preston.

Miss Lambert is spending the holidays in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Henderson and Miss Catherine are spending the holidays at Wellandport.

Mrs. Geo. Knox is visiting her son, Karl, in Oshawa.

Miss Laura Chambers, New York, is visiting her mother at North Fredericksburgh.

Mr. John G. Fennell spent Easter with his son in Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Mrs. F. E VanLuven is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Jenkins, New York.

Masters Jack and Bruce Walker, Toronto, spent last week the guests of their cousin, Miss Celestine Daly.

Miss Margaret Abernethy, Bowmanville, and Miss Lorna McGill, Lindsay, are guests of Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Tanton.

Miss Roberts is spending the holidays in Tweed.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crossley are spending a month in Toronto.

Masters Francis and Dick McCracken Rollins, are visiting their cousins, Masters Harold and Glenn McKeown, South Napanee.

Mr. C. Dawson and Mrs. Viola Coulter, Watertown, N.Y., spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. N. VanAlstyne, Mill street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Barrett and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Seymour spent Good Friday with friends in Belleville.

Miss C. Gallagher, nurse-in-training, Kingston General Hospital, obtained highest marks in Surgery in the Intermediate Class this year. The paper was set by Dr. Austin, and Miss Gallagher will be presented with Dr. Austin's prize this year at the Nurses' Graduation in May.

Miss Alma Wales is home from Toronto for the holidays.

Miss Edith Baker, Ottawa, spent Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jewell spent Easter with his mother at Adolphustown.

Mr. Orval Madden, Toronto, spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Madden.

Mrs. V. Cowling and two children are spending a few days with relatives in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Day, Montreal, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Seymour, South Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kimmerly were the hosts at a very enjoyable dance in the Masonic Hall on Monday evening.

Mr. Douglas Doller and Miss Marjorie Doller, Toronto, spent Easter with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Doller.

Miss Vera Shorey, Utica, N.Y., is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Canfield Shorey.

Miss Leah VanAlstyne spent Easter with friends in Detroit.

Mrs. Archer is visiting her husband at Rouyn, Que. She went from Haileybury to Rouyn by aeroplane.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moat, Toronto, spent Easter the guests of Mr and Mrs. R. S. Wales.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Mishaw, of Toronto, spent Easter the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kimmerly.

Mr. Thos. Blute, of Cornwall, spent Easter with friends in Napanee.

Miss Ethel Tierney, Toronto, spent Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Tierney.

Miss Helen Loyst, B.A., Toronto, is spending the Easter holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Loyst.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Abell, Toronto, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Glenn Ravenna, N.Y., and Mrs. T. J. Naylor, Deseronto, spent Easter with Mrs. John Coates.

Miss Muriel Paul, B.A., of Hamilton, and her nephew, Lloyd Telfer, motored down on Good Friday and are spending the Easter holidays with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Paul, "Elm Lodge."

DEATHS

Fields—At Deseronto, on Saturday, April 16th, 1927, Mahala Fields, relict of the late Thos. Fields, aged 95 years.

Johnston—At Roblin, on Friday, April 15th, 1927, Mrs. George Johnston.

Robinson—At Deseronto, on Sunday, April 17th, 1927, Wm. N. Robinson, in his 77th year. Funeral from his late residence Wednesday at 2 p.m.

Rum, Honey and Tamarac Balsam is the best preparation we know of for stubborn coughs and colds. 35c. a bottle at Wallace's.

For fresh White Fish phone 130. FRANK H. PERRY.
Smoked Fillets and Haddies special this week.
FRANK H. PERRY.

A reflection of the blaze from a burning lime kiln on Roblin's Hill, gave the firemen a needless run on Sunday evening about twelve o'clock.

Mr. Arthur Callaghan, Kingston, has purchased the McGreer Bros. grocery at the Campbell House corner. Mr. Callaghan is a former proprietor of a grocery in this stand.

The forests of Canada rank second only to agriculture in the value of their products; they are the source of one quarter of our export trade; they provide 20 per cent. of the entire freight haulage on Canadian railways and in addition substantially augment passenger traffic earnings by the attraction of tourists; they provide direct employment for over 97,000 workers and furnish salaries and wages to the total of over $100,000,000 per year.

Mahala Benn, widow of the late Thomas Fields, passed peacefully away on Saturday evening at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Thos. McWain, Deseronto. Deceased had reached the ripe old age of about ninety-five years. She will be kindly remembered by the older residents of Napanee and more particularly the neighbors in the vicinity of Gretna, where she and her late husband resided on a farm there for a good many years. The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon and interment was made in Deseronto cemetery.

INDIANS' BURIAL.

British Columbia Tribe Still Cling to Ancient Pagan Ritual.

While the Indian aborigines of British Columbia have, in many instances, adopted the manners and customs of the white men, their burial ceremonies in some of the reservations still retain many of the features of other days.

Alert Bay, one of the few coast Indian settlements that have been little disturbed by the advent of civilization, witnessed recently the funeral of a prominent Indian woman which bore the trappings of savage pomp and splendor.

The funeral was held to the accompaniment of the moans of paid mourners, and the grave covered by a canopy of white cotton cloth. Below this was a large plate of glass set on a frame and covered a beautiful display of flowers. These were spread over an ancient ceremonial robe, embroidered with pearl buttons and elks' teeth. All the most prized possessions of the dead woman were spread on the ground in the vicinity of the grave. Clothes and boots were ranged in orderly fashion near the head of the grave, while a trunk, on which was set a small phonograph and a gaily-lithographed cloth, was placed at the foot of it. On dishes placed near by was food for the use of the departed spirit in the happy hunting-ground.

The Alert Bay Indians have their mission house, and nearly all of them have embraced a nominal Christianity; yet in their burial customs they appear to have clung to their ancient pagan ritual.

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This special week-long demonstration comes right in the house-cleaning season. At a time when women are rearranging and planning new floor coverings and new decorations for the home. Our Rug Department has an excellent stock of these famous Barrymore Rugs on display. A stock complete in their newest patterns and colorings, complete in all the small, medium and large sizes. We invite every house-keeper in Napanee and vicinity to see our window and department displays of "Barrymore Rugs" during "Barrymore Week."

WILTON RUGS of Supreme Beauty

There are BARRYMORES *in all sizes and designs, suitable, for every room in the home and woven in qualities to accommodate the purchasing power of every family.*

BE SURE TO SEE THE LABEL

It is important that you see the BARRYMORE *guarantee-label on the back of the rug. It attests the authenticity of* BARRYMORE *weaving and ensures quality of wool, fast dyes and perfect workmanship.*

IN this age, when one can justifiably expect the best of values, there is no finer or safer investment in rug ownership than the selection of a Wilton Rug woven on the famous BARRYMORE looms!

The color harmonies are superb. The style is of the very newest, inspired by the decorative tendencies of London, New York and Paris, and there is a whole *lifetime* of wear in every BARRYMORE Wilton.

Beyond a doubt the finest value in the rug departments of housefurnishing stores is to be found in BARRYMORE *Wiltons!* They stand up splendidly under rough, hard, constant traffic. They clean easily, and their colors are enduring.

We advise everyone to see the latest BARRYMORES, especially the beautiful Wiltons, whose lineage dates back to the days of William and Mary.

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We are the "Barrymore" Agents in Napanee. We have access to all lines that they manufacture.

We purchase our rug supplies direct from the mill. We secure them at rock bottom prices.

Thus we offer you advantageous values.

SPECIAL PRICES ON "BARRYMORE RUGS" FOR "BARRYMORE WEEK" ONLY

CHOOSE AND SAVE

We aim to make "Barrymore Week" successful, to establish new sales records, to make new friends for our store, to more firmly establish the ties between this store and its customers, hence we have revised our prices downward for Barrymore Week only.

NOTE THE PRICES—NOTE THE SIZES

$25.00 Rugs, 4 ft. 6 in. x 7 ft. 6 in. will be $22.50.
$30.00 Rugs, 4 ft. 6 in. x 7 ft. 6 in., will be $27.00.
$45.00 Rugs, 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft. will be $40.50.
$52.50 Rugs, 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft. will be $47.25.
$5500 Rugs, 6 ft. 9 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. will be $49.50.
$60.00 Rugs, 6 ft. 9 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. will be $54.00.
$60.00 Rugs, 9 ft. x 9 ft. will be $54.00.
$72.50 Rugs, 9 ft. x 9 ft. will be $65.25.
$72.50 Rugs, 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in. will be $65.25.
$78.75 Rugs, 9 ft. x 12 ft. will be $71.00.

ARTISTIC WINDOWS HELP TO MAKE YOUR DECORATIONS PLEASING AND SUCCESSFUL

Windows—the eyes of your home—how important it is that they should be appropriately decorated so as to blend with floor coverings, furniture and walls.

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Madras and Net panels.
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Madras Draperies by the yard.
Scrim and Net Draperies by the yard.
Colored Cotton Madras for over-drapes.
Colored Silk and Cotton Madras for over-drapes.
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COMPLETE STOCKS OF ROLLER BLINDS ALL SIZES—IN STANDARD COLORS

Every season, you require new blinds for some of the windows in your home. Our Spring stocks are now complete in a full range of sizes. We are also prepared to quote prices on large blinds that have to be made up specially. Every Robinson Co. blind is mounted on guaranteed rollers and is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory.

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These are unusually good blinds, suitable in fact for practically all of your windows. They come in standard sizes, mounted on guaranteed "Hartshorn" rollers. The cloth is oil opaque of exceptional quality. Obtainable in shades of White, Cream, Green.

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Our floor covering department is especially prepared to quote you prices and to advise you concerning the proper grades to choose for certain floors. We invite your inspection.

Quality, Service Value.

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We close at 12 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.